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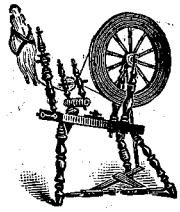

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1906

The Week in Congress

In many respects the most surprising action of the Senate during this session was the passage, by a unanimous vote and without even a formal reference to a committee, of a drastic bill to compel the inspection of live stock, carcasses, and the food products thereof "which are the subjects of inter-State or foreign commerce." In spite of the vigorous protest of the packing interests, the bill provides that the operation of the Bureau of Animal Industry shall hereafter be applied not only to products for export but also those for domestic consumption. Government inspectors are to be at the packing plants day and night, and no inter-State carrier may legally accept for transportation either live stock, carcasses, or meat products without the tag of the inspectors and a certificate of cleanliness and wholesomeness. The prompt passage of this bill is unquestionably due to the investigation of conditions in the packing-houses made by the Commissioner of Labor and a special agent. The Senate has also passed the bill to remove the tax on denatured alcohol—that is, on alcohol made undrinkable by the addition of some poison. The Outlook has already described the provisions of this bill. Its effect will be greatly to reduce the price of alcohol used for fuel, light, or manufacturing purposes. The Senate has amended the bill as it passed the House by postponing the day on which it goes into effect until the first of next January, and by making special provision for the supervision of the denaturing process. The Senate Committee on Inter-State Commerce, moreover, has reported a bill holding employers liable for injuries to employees. At present most States have laws of this character; but it happens that if for any reason an employee has to bring suit in a Federal Court, he has no redress. It is to correct this illogical situation that the bill now before the Senate is designed. The Senate, furthermore, has passed a bill amending the immigration law. The principal changes introduced into the bill since it was described in The Outlook are two: In the first place, it provides, instead of a special Bureau of Information for immigrants, as was proposed, an arrangement by which the present employees of the service should dispense information. This change, it seems to us, is equivalent to striking out all provision for informing immigrants as to the conditions in this country. The present employees of the Immigration Bureau are already overtaxed. The other change is one which provides for an educational test. It applies to all persons over fifteen years of age, with certain exceptions. The bill, however, it seems to us, does not deal fundamentally with the difficulties which the present flood of incoming aliens presents.

A Disgraced Senator

United States Senator Joseph R. Burton, of Kansas, is still technically entitled to write "Honorable" before his name, but a recent decision of the United States Supreme Court makes him one of the most dishonored men in public life to-day; and if he is expelled from the Senate, as he is likely to be, even his technical title will be taken away from him. Our readers will remember his case. He was charged with accepting a fee of five hundred dollars per month for five months from the Realto Grain and Securities Company of St. Louis, a concern which was denounced as fraudulent by the Post-Office Department, and prohibited on that ground from using the United States mails. This paltry sum of money, for which Senator Burton

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sold himself, his citizenship, and his seat in the Senate, was paid to him by known swindlers in return for his efforts to have the post-office embargo removed, and, therefore, for his efforts to expose his fellow-citizens to swindling and robbery. After a long and desperately fought case, Senator Burton was sentenced by a United States court to pay a fine of twenty-five hundred dollars and to nine months' imprisonment in a county jail in Missouri. From this conviction and sentence Senator Burton has appealed twice to the United States Supreme Court, but the final decision makes it probable—unless a rehearing of the case for which he has petitioned is granted him—that in the early autumn he will cease to be a United States Senator and will become a "jailbird." The question is now being discussed in the Senate whether he shall be expelled ignominiously or shall be allowed to resign. Nothing that the Senate can do can disgrace or punish Senator Burton any further, but for the protection of its own honor and respectability the Senate ought at once to expel him.

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Prison Amelioration

In the closing hours of the New York Legislature, in the sharp contest over measures of civic and commercial importance, one bill was passed in comparative obscurity which represents the successful culmination of years of persistent agitation. It is more than eighty years since Sing Sing Prison was built. It represented the ideas and spirit of the time. It meant the seclusion of men in relative darkness, in narrow niches called cells, deprived of air as well as light. It meant the imposition of cruel punishments, none more terrible than the application of the lash. In the development of the humane sentiment these punishments have gradually been abolished; and at last the Legislature has decreed the abolition of the ancient prison itself. Its sanitary conditions, good enough to meet the standards of eighty years ago, are intolerable to-day. Five years ago the State Board of Health condemned it as unfit for human habitation. It became noted as a breeding-place for tuberculosis. Following the recommendations of a commission appointed last year by Governor Higgins, the New York Legislature has voted to build a new prison within seventy-five miles of New York, and has appropriated money for the purchase of a site and has ordered that as much of the work of construction as is possible shall be done by prison labor. Hardly less important as a progressive measure was the passage of a law placing the half-built prison at Naponoch under the Elmira Reformatory Board with a view to its completion and development as a second reformatory on the Elmira plan. New York, which was the first State to establish a reformatory for felons and to introduce the indeterminate sentence, has thus reaffirmed its confidence in the ideal and the method.

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The Elections in Michigan

A convention for the purpose of revising the Constitution of Michigan was carried by a large majority on a rather light vote at the recent election. The Detroit Municipal League proposes to make a campaign in favor of a non-partisan convention, with candidates in each district nominated by petition and placed on the ballot without any party designations. The corporate interests propose to make a struggle for control, and the progressive elements are bent upon securing municipal home rule and the initiative and referendum. There is also a great deal of discontent with the system of taxation. The railways are likely to try to overthrow the amendments secured by Governor Pingree a few years ago providing for the assessment of railway property by a State Board and its taxation at the same average rate as is applied to other property in the State as assessed by local assessors. There will also be a strong demand for local option in taxation. For the next year and a half or two years the prospect is that there will be carried on a campaign of education on constitutional questions which cannot help but be of great benefit, no matter what the immediate outcome may be. The new State Primary Law went into effect at the April election, the party

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enrollment required by the new law having been made. Persons failing to enroll at that time will be debarred from voting at State primaries (except in those counties where the direct primary system was already in effect prior to the passage of the act) for two years. Provision is made, however, for the enrollment of voters just coming of age and those coming into the State, as well as for those who were unavoidably prevented from enrolling. In Detroit the enrollment was very light, being only about 19,000, as against a registration of 65,000 or more. In Grand Rapids, where a heavy vote was cast at the mayoralty election, probably about sixty per cent. of the voters enrolled. Any person enrolling with a party at the present time cannot change his party for two years. This, of course, does not interfere with his voting as he pleases at the regular elections. The election at Grand Rapids was one of importance. Mayor Sweet, who was elected as a Democrat two years ago, had offended the politicians in his party, and was not renominated by its convention. He was nominated, however, by a mass-meeting as an independent candidate. The result of the election, after a most bitter and heated campaign, was the election of the Republican candidate, Mr. George E. Ellis. Mr. Ellis has since appointed his Democratic opponent to office. More encouraging is the movement just started in Grand Rapids to draft an amendment, under the advisory initiative clause of the new charter, to do away with the party primaries and the party ballot in municipal elections altogether. There is no doubt that sufficient signatures can be secured to insure such an amendment being submitted to the people at next fall's election. If approved by them, the amendment then goes to the Legislature to be enacted. Most suggestive in a practical way as to public opinion on this question was the result of the election of school trustees in Grand Rapids. There were forty-five candidates nominated by petition. The names were all placed on the ballot without a party or other designation, and each elector, including women, was allowed to vote for nine. The result is considered gratifying by the good government forces. Another significant feature of the election was the vote upon the charter amendments providing for the advisory initiative on ordinances, and for the recall on elective and on appointive officers; all three were carried by large majorities.

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Graft in Commerce

Testimony concerning dishonest and underhand methods in business, particularly practices of discrimination by railways, continued to pile up last week. The Inter-State Commerce Commission in the two investigations it is conducting uncovered a disheartening amount of moral obliquity. The United States District Court in Kansas City, Missouri, found George L. Thomas, a freight broker, and his clerk, L. B. Taggart, guilty of conspiracy with shippers to give rebates. The United States Circuit Court of Appeals in New York, in deciding a civil suit originally brought against the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, declared that the road, at the instigation of its president, W. H. Truesdale, had "arbitrarily and dishonorably repudiated a contract," and had done so "with the arrogance born of scorn of consequences." Thus one railway after another, either in collusion with other strong corporations or alone, was shown to have acted not only with a disregard of the interests of the public, but in many cases with merciless intent to injure certain interests for the sake of certain advantages. In the investigation of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Philadelphia, Frederick Vrooman, an assistant trainmaster, who acknowledged that he had something to do with the distribution of cars to shippers, was asked, "Did you ever get any money from coal operators on your division?" replied, "Oh, yes;" and gave as the explanation of his action, "Well, if there was money to be given out, I was there to take it." During the investigation of the Standard Oil Company conducted by the Commission in Cleveland, one witness, a former employee of the company, testified that he had been instructed to destroy certain of the company's competitors. Other testimony tended to show

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that the railways delayed shipments and otherwise hampered independent oil producers in order to curry favor with the Standard.

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Popular Resentment

These revelations of sordid methods in business ought to have at least one good effect. They should dispel the all too prevalent idea that graft is a distinctive characteristic of political life. As the "Wall Street Journal" very truly says, such revelations shatter the arguments against government ownership or control of public utilities based on the ground that private business is honest while public business is dishonest. Of that argument it is to be hoped we have heard the last. The arrogance of many powerful corporations is not made more tolerable by the proof that they are corrupt. The attitude of patronizing superiority which many corporation officials assume is not made less exasperating by the confession that, like common thieves, they are "out for the wad." What Judge Wallace said in his opinion on the case of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad has a wide application:

> It is conduct like Truesdale's by those who manage the affairs of great corporations that has aroused the spirit of resentment in the public mind which is so intense to-day and which is not unlikely to result in litigation and in municipal interference, which will bring serious loss upon stockholders.

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The Panama Canal

While work is progressing rapidly on the Isthmus, public opinion is being slowly formed in the United States on some fundamental questions connected with the construction of the Panama Canal. Secretary Taft, who, as the head of the War Department, is in executive charge of the Canal, desires to make some large contracts for machinery and supplies with foreign manufacturers, whose prices are very materially lower than the best prices so far obtainable at home. Congress, however, is disinclined to be inconsistent with its general tariff policy, and prefers to pay, or rather to have the citizens of the country pay, the higher prices charged by American dealers. The Senate Committee on Finance has reported a resolution directing that all canal supplies shall be purchased in this country "unless the President shall in any case deem the bids or tenders therefor to be extortionate or unreasonable." We do not think a protectionist Congress is to be blamed for thus following out the logic of its own tariff laws. The folly, if any, rests with the people at large who acquiesce in a commercial system which makes them pay, for the benefit of a single class in the community, hundreds of thousands of dollars more for their Canal than it really ought to cost. The remedy, it appears to us, is, not to permit Secretary Taft to buy in the world's market, but to so revise the tariff that American manufacturers cannot maintain artificial prices for the great staples of industrial life. There is still great difference of opinion as to the comparative merits of a sea-level canal and a lock canal. Sentiment in the Senate appears to be in favor of the sea-level, while the House is reported to be overwhelmingly committed to the high-level lock plan. As The Outlook has already reported, the majority of the engineering staff on the Isthmus supports the lock design. The two great advantages of the lock method are: first, that it can be more quickly completed than the sea-level canal, because it requires so much less excavation—Secretary Taft has stated that in his opinion a lock canal would be ready for operation in 1914; second, the danger of land and mud slides in the great Culebra Cut would be minimized by a lock canal eighty-five feet above sea level. Many engineers consider that the danger of landslides involved in a sea-level canal is more to be feared than any hypothetical destruction of locks and masonry by possible eathquakes. A new argument, however, against the lock canal has recently been brought to our attention which has not, we think, so far had sufficient public recognition. The damming of the water for a lock canal will create at the Colon end of the Canal a gigantic artificial lake many miles in diameter. It is asserted by those who have studied the subject that this lake will be a great breeder of the yellow fever and malaria mosquitoes, and will

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make useless a very large acreage of arable land. Chairman Shonts, of the Canal Commission, is reported to have said that passengers on steamers passing through the Canal can be easily protected against mosquitoes bred in this lake. But what of the cities of Colon and Panama, which our Government is now straining every nerve to make sanitary and habitable, as it has so successfully done in the case of Havana? It should be borne in mind that we are not merely constructing a canal, but are really creating a State. If it is true that a lock canal will contribute towards permanently enchaining the Isthmus of Panama in the unsanitary, uninhabitable, and untillable conditions of the tropical wilderness, we ought to be both careful and considerate in adopting such a plan.

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Not Larceny

The criminal code of New York provides that any person having in charge money as a trustee, who "appropriates the same to his own use, or that of any other person other than the true owner or person entitled to the benefit thereof, steals such property, and is guilty of larceny." Following instructions of Judge O'Sullivan to the Grand Jury that the appropriation of life insurance funds by an executive officer of a life insurance company is larceny within the meaning of this statute, the New York District Attorney had Mr. Perkins, of the New York Life Insurance Company, arrested. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court has now reversed the judgment of Judge O'Sullivan, holding that such appropriation is not larceny. This decision of the Appellate Court confirms the opinion heretofore expressed by The Outlook that the use of corporate funds for campaign purposes is not necessarily such an appropriation for the benefit of some one other than the owner. The general principle of law, as of common sense, is that a trustee must use trust funds only for the benefit of the persons for whom the trust is created, but if the law does not explicitly define the use, much must be left to the trustee's discretion as to what is for the benefit of the real owner, and it will always be presumed that his intention is honest unless the reverse is proved. The law did not prohibit the use of corporate funds for campaign purposes. The officers of the life insurance companies who contributed out of life insurance treasuries moneys for campaign purposes claim that they did so because they believed that the triumph of the Democratic party would be disastrous to the policy-holders. The Outlook thinks it is unquestionable that it was a great mistake for the officers to use funds in that way, and that such use in the future ought to be prohibited by law. But the use was not specifically prohibited by law, and the Appellate Court has held that it was not so evidently the intention of the officers to use the appropriation otherwise than for the benefit of the policy-holders as to make its use a larceny as defined by the statute. The case will be carried up to the Court of Appeals.

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Patent Medicines and Poverty

The scope of the National Conference of Charities and Correction enlarges every year. The meeting recently in Philadelphia was by far the largest since its inception. More than two thousand paying members were registered. The meetings overflowed with subjects as well as with people, and a large and important one was introduced in relation to children, viz., the formation of a National Conference of juvenile improvement associations, which shall be affiliated with this Conference. There was an animated discussion on immigration. If applause is a test of an assembly's views, the Conference approved the views of Miss Emily Balch, professor of economics at Wellesley. She advocated putting more responsibility upon the steamship companies, and suggested that two official representatives of the Government—a man and a woman—be maintained by the steamship companies on every vessel to advise and aid the immigrants. Many subjects of perhaps minor importance, at first sight, were discussed. Among them was the relation of poverty to patent medicines. Some of the figures given, however, were startling. In many places nine-tenths of the money spent for such

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compounds is paid out by very poor people. It is quite impossible to secure facts giving the entire amount expended for these nostrums, but in one district of a large city the sales of one patent medicine amounted in one month to $6,300; of another to $2,800. Not a twentieth of this goes to the homes of the middle class or the well-to-do. It is consumed by the very poor, who manage to get money enough for patent medicines and then depend on benevolence for fuel and food. This sum of nearly ten thousand dollars expended in one month, in one small district of a city, for harmful stuff, would have gone far toward meeting genuine wants. Cocaine also is sold to the amount of about five thousand dollars a week in one city to the very poor. Certain countries prohibit the manufacture and sale of such patent medicines, greatly to the annoyance of those who make them here, but it is a method that saves the pockets as well as the health of the people.

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The Rebuilding of San Francisco

Almost as if in anticipation of the disembodiment of the city in April of this year, there was formed a little more than two years ago the Association for the Improvement and Adornment of San Francisco. Mr. Daniel H. Burnham, who had prepared plans for the improvement of Cleveland, Chicago, and Washington, was asked to make comprehensive plans for the fulfillment of the Association's purposes. Mr. Burnham prepared the plans, giving his services without charge. The plans were published last October. They comprised such large elements as the arrangement of great civic centers related to a chief center, each with its public Place; the terracing of the hills which characterize San Francisco; the designing of parkways; the architectural treatment of approaches, utilizing the background of mountains, bay, and sea; the erection of an athenæum and an amphitheater, etc. The good news has been announced that the San Francisco Committee of Forty has adopted Mr. Burnham's plan, at least in a modified form, and that the San Francisco Board of Supervisors has passed a resolution favoring the plan in general. A Committee of Three will estimate the cost of each improvement before action is taken. San Francisco will thus not be rebuilt at haphazard. Streets will be widened, new ones will be cut, a system of fire protection will be adopted, methods for facilitating traffic will be utilized, and the whole city will be beautified according to a well-considered design. Our staff correspondent, who has been in San Francisco for the express purpose of studying the conditions there after the disaster, will describe this plan in a future issue at a greater length.

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The Russian Duma

Last week the Russian Government issued a reply to the Duma, the Lower House of the Russian Parliament, asserting that full political amnesty cannot be granted, the Government not finding a sympathetic response to the demand in all sections of society. The reply dwells upon the continuance of terrorist crimes as the principal reason for refusing general amnesty and the abrogation of exceptional laws; but it intimates the possibility of partially abrogating martial law and other extreme measures, and the pardon of those arrested by administrative order, while it adds that many of the latter have already received partial liberty. It further says it cannot accept the Duma's solution of the agrarian problem —indeed, only on a single point of the Duma's address does the Government yield—namely, universal suffrage, including that of women, a decision perhaps based on the belief that universal suffrage would have produced a Duma with less advanced views! The Duma ought not to insist that murder and other crimes cease to be crimes when their perpetrators pretend that they are, after all, only "political crimes." It is evident that the Emperor has failed, as he did on "Red Sunday," to grasp the psychology of the moment; otherwise he would have proclaimed amnesty to all imprisoned persons who had, after all, merely asserted the principles—such as the rights of free speech, meeting, and publication—to which by his manifesto of October 30, 1905, he had already ac-

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ceded. The question now arises, Will the Duma defer discussion of amnesty until it solves the agrarian problem, on which it is at present engaged? Of the two, the latter seems the more pressing, for the famine which has prostrated many Russian provinces during the past twelvemonth is only an aggravation of a chronic condition. Forty years ago the allotments made to the muzhiks, or peasants, were inadequate. They are doubly inadequate now. Moreover, the prices charged for the muzhiks' holdings were, in a majority of cases, unreasonable, and most of the muzhiks have not been able to meet the yearly purchase money installments. The recently proclaimed "Fundamental Laws" prohibited the Duma from initiating any legislation respecting the Crown lands. Despite this and disregarding it, the Duma is now discussing a scheme of legislation by which the Crown and Church lands are to be apportioned on liberal terms among the muzhiks, and, if possible, some scheme like the Land Purchase Act now operative in Ireland is to be established to deal with the great private estates.

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Conditions in China

Information now at hand from China is in gratifying contrast with that of the less reassuring nature to which we have been latterly accustomed. In a letter to The Outlook, referring to the recent boycott of American goods, Mr. Robert E. Lewis, Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Shanghai, declares that the Chinese must be treated decently by individuals and by nations or there will be trouble; but that the expectation of foreign governments that there would be immediate disasters on a large scale has been received, at least in Central China, with incredulity. Mr. Lewis thus reports a trip through the country on a several hundred mile stretch from Shanghai:

> We visited five walled cities and many villages, looked up embryo schools of the "new fashion" and temples galore, walked through towns, trafficked at shops on crowded city streets, slept in out-of-the-way temples on unfrequented distant hills, and may fairly say that we had an opportunity of testing the temper of the people at many points in a stretch of country lying west of Shanghai and up to the Great Lake. We took no arms. We saw absolutely no evidence of hostility to foreigners, present or absent. On the other hand, the courtesy, good nature, and friendly curiosity of the people were everywhere evident.

Turning further towards the interior, advices from Hankau, the great Chinese mart many hundred miles up the Yangtse River, report that, notwithstanding the feeling of high pressure which has existed throughout China among foreigners as to the danger of anti-foreign developments, foreign trade seems to be on the increase, this being due to a more quiet feeling than has existed for some time. It may be pleasantly significant that the number of foreign steamers running up the river to Hankau has also been increased. This quieter feeling may be due to extraordinary exertions made by officials to prevent a recurrence of massacres and outrages; it may be due to a temporary reaction among the Chinese themselves. Testimony as to present peacefulness also comes from Dr. Morrison, the Peking correspondent of the London "Times," who says that the agents of American and British Bible societies and the missionaries are not apprehensive of an outbreak, and move about in security. He admits, however, that the native press is inflammatory, particularly those sensational newspapers which have sprung up since the Russo-Japanese War and are edited by students who have been educated in Japan.

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Is Conciliation "Weakness"?

Our Government's conciliatory attitude may constitute an additional reason for quieter conditions in China. The evidences of this attitude have not escaped the keen attention of Mr. J. P. Bland, the Shanghai correspondent of the London "Times." He feels that our policy is in danger of going too far. In a letter to The Outlook he says: "Conciliation means weakness, and weakness means trouble. . . . All the good intentions in the world will avail nothing against the natural and primordial forces at work beneath the Chinese question, against the essentially racial facts, which, with the best intentions, the man who

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has not lived in Asia cannot appreciate." Mr. Bland deprecates any welcome by Americans of a Chinese normal nationalism, for—

> It means the return of China to a self-centered, self-sufficient state, the total exclusion of the foreigner, the restriction of human intercourse over a fourth of the globe, and the limitation of other countries' opportunities to trade with a quarter of the human race. I do not say that, from the Chinese point of view, these are not quite reasonable and proper aims; but for the American, who looks to the future trade of the Orient as his birthright, and for the European, on whom economic pressure lays the white man's inevitable burden, this form of nationalism cannot be recognized as "normal."

If Japan's nationalism has been welcomed, The Outlook hardly understands why China's is not to be, or why the hypothesis must be adopted that normality of the Chinese type reawakened by the sight of a new Japan means "the return of China to a self-centered, self-sufficient state, the total exclusion of the foreigner," etc. This was certainly not John Hay's notion when in 1900, alone of foreign secretaries, he treated the Chinese Government in a way to awaken some degree of self-respect in that Government, and respect for it. We may look to the future trade of the Orient as a possible American birthright. But that is an insignificant thing compared with our National duty. Hence we hope that our course in China will always be "conciliatory," that it will always be marked by the kind of action we have already suggested, namely, in addition to free education in this country for deserving young Chinamen, a co-operation with the Imperial Government in such higher schools of learning in China as those of international law, for instance. The financial means might come by using some of the indemnity which China owes to us for the Boxer atrocities in 1900. Our present "conciliation" is not a synonym of weakness; we trust that one day it may appeal even to British Imperialists as statesmanlike.

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The French Elections

The second balloting for members of the French Chamber of Deputies resulted in an overwhelming victory for the present Radical Government. Proportionally, the unified Socialists won the most seats; it was noted that nearly every candidate whose leanings were toward internationalism was elected. On this second ballot the country also accentuates the fact that an anti-clerical spirit preponderates throughout France to a greater degree than had been supposed. Thus the victory is really that of ex-Premier Combes, the champion of anti-clericalism, as well as that of the present Premier, M. Sarrien, and in particular of his doughty Minister of the Interior, M. Clemenceau. The Socialistic doctrine of the last named, however, stops short of that internationalism and collectivism which would do away with all national boundaries, and subject all industry, private and public, to collective operation and regulation.

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A Royal Diplomatist

Few men have risen more rapidly in public confidence and influence than the King of England. He has long been known as a very accomplished and agreeable man, with a gift of tact which amounted to genius, but during the last three or four years he has secured a foremost position as a diplomatist. His services to Europe have been signally successful and important, for he has everywhere appeared as a peacemaker; a man of extraordinary social experience, with a wide knowledge of different peoples, and quite a natural aptitude for getting on with them. Speaking several languages, he is peculiarly qualified by nature and by education to play the difficult rôle of interpreter and peacemaker; and he has played the rôle not only with great skill but with a directness and sincerity which have won the confidence of Europe. He has brought France, Italy, and Spain into cordial relations with England, and, if reports are to be trusted, he is now removing the causes of distrust between England and Germany. A meeting between him and the Emperor is expected at an early date, and it is believed that, as both men are seriously desirous of peace, the long tension between the two countries will be relieved. It is reassuring to know that the Prince of Wales seems to inherit much of his father's

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urbanity, tact, and good feeling. His recent trip to India has contributed not a little to the broadening of his views and to an increased flexibility of mind and manner. His recent speech at the London Guildhall is described as being so broad and statesmanlike as to produce an excellent impression in the Far East. It is not many years since the business of kings was supposed to be in its last stages; but those kings who are willing to work hard and earn their honors have still a great place in the world. It requires no small ability in a king to adjust himself to modern conditions, to possess authority and to exercise it without seeming to assume it. This is precisely what the King of England has done. He is not an ornamental monarch; he is a working statesman.

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The Presbyterian General Assembly

The most important work of the Presbyterian General Assembly, the authorization of the union of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and the regular body of Presbyterians, we report in the following paragraph. There was some lively discussion of the new Prayer-Book which The Outlook described at some length last week. This discussion was apparently based upon that curious and unreasonable fear of liturgy and ritual which some good Protestants in this country have inherited from their Puritan forefathers. For example, one well-known Presbyterian clergyman, whose name we do not mention out of regard for his own feelings, declared that the new Prayer-Book "smelled of priestcraft." What may be the particular odor, whether fragrant or disagreeable, connected with the priestly office we have not the faintest notion, but it is quite apparent that the determined anti-ritualists, represented in England by such a man as the late Mr. Kensit and in this country by the author of the remark about "priestcraft" which we have quoted, are amusingly unconscious of the fact that they are themselves the most violent of ritualists. "Smelled of priestcraft" is a phrase of a very unpleasant kind of ritual. Far be it from The Outlook to advise that forms of any kind be imposed upon unwilling worshipers, but if no literary form at all is to be used in worship for fear of the danger of Jesuitism lurking behind it, what are we going to do with the Lord's Prayer, the Twenty-third Psalm, and the ever splendid and inspiring Thirteenth Chapter of Corinthians? However, it should be said for the Assembly that the "priestcraft" idea did not prevail, and that the new Prayer-Book was accepted by the Assembly for voluntary use in all churches that may wish to adopt it. We think this was a wise solution of the controversy. To avoid either directing or recommending its use, but simply to give it the imprimatur, so to speak, of the Assembly, was the proper step to take this time.

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Presbyterian Reunion

Unless in some way the courts intervene on questions of property, two great bodies of Presbyterians will be hereafter one. These two bodies are the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America and the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. On May 24, at the Presbyterian General Assembly at Des Moines, the Moderator did "solemnly declare" and "publicly announce that the basis of reunion and union" was then "in full force and effect." The two Assemblies, the Cumberland Assembly at Decatur, Illinois, and the General Assembly at Des Moines, Iowa, were in session at the same time, and the joint resolution was passed by both Assemblies. This reunion is one of the most important which have been planned even in these days of Church federation. The Cumberland Presbyterians originated in a great revival over a hundred years ago. The religious awakening which occurred in the mountainous regions of Kentucky and Tennessee brought into existence many new congregations. For these newly formed churches there was great need of ministers, and in the Cumberland Valley many laymen were ordained without the preparation which the Synod regarded as necessary. As a consequence the Cumberland Presbytery was detached from the Presbyterian Church, and became a nucleus of a new body.

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Incidentally this offshoot formulated doctrines which were in some respects different from those generally received by the Presbyterian Church. The conditions which called this body into existence long ago disappeared, and with the passage of the years the differences in doctrine, which were not in the first place the cause of the division, have become less, or have become regarded as of less importance. For a generation plans for reunion have been considered. It is a cause for great gratification that this reunion has now been consummated, and it is to be hoped that it will not be disturbed by any legal proceedings. Hereafter, so the Moderator of the Des Moines Assembly announced, the records and history of each body will be the common property of the new, or rather renewed, Church.

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The Southern Methodists

Church union is in the air. It would be impossible to refer to all the suggestions and propositions made at the various church gatherings within the past two or three weeks on behalf of denominational combinations. Notable among all these appeals for unity was the address at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which came to an end at Birmingham, Alabama, last week. This appeal was made by the Vice-President of the United States in his capacity as Fraternal Delegate from the Northern Methodists. Among his words we select these:

> I cannot refrain from expressing and emphasizing the hope which those who have preceded me in this brotherly mission have no doubt ventured to express—that the two great branches of Methodism in America may be consolidated into one mighty Church, not in sentiment and in purpose alone, but in organization as well. . . . I do not know how long the followers of John Wesley will dwell apart in the United States. I have faith to believe that the barriers which still divide us are growing less formidable with the lapse of time, and that they will ultimately yield, and a union will be established between the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, thereby creating one of the greatest instruments for good in the entire Christian world. . . . May we not hope to see a united Church, freely transferring its ministers between the North and the South, as well as between the East and the West? Such interchange between the various portions of our country will serve mightily to advance a wholesome National purpose.

Mr. Fairbanks's hope was emphasized by his fellow-delegate from the North, Dr. Matthew. The Conference, however, did more than listen; it received with great enthusiasm the report of its Committee on Federation. The Committee acted on the proposition of the Inter-Church Conference on Federation held last winter in New York for the establishment of a Federal Council of denominations in America. The report approved the plan and recommended the election of the requisite number to represent the Church in the Council. Another forward step taken at this Conference was the adoption of a resolution providing for a commission to prepare a new statement of belief. The plan embodied in the resolution is a large one; it is that a commission of five should invite other branches of Methodism to unite in the preparation of a statement of belief as held in common by Methodists over the whole world. This procedure will do much to foster the reunion of the Methodists, North and South. So far as its phraseology is concerned, the statement of belief now in force in the Southern Methodist Church hardly represents the beliefs of the Church at present. As Dr. W. F. Tillett, of Vanderbilt University, said, they are Calvinistic rather than Wesleyan in character. "I want a doctrine of atonement stated and developed," he said, "that shall not only assert the necessity of atonement in the justice of God, but also the origin of atonement in the love of God and the method of atonement in the wisdom of God." The question whether revision should be undertaken was debated at length, and was finally decided in the affirmative by a vote of 151 to 107. No revised statement will be adopted, however, until it is seen and considered by the Conference. To those who know the Methodists of the South it is not altogether surprising that they, both among Methodists and among Southern Protestants, should take the lead in adapting their creed to present conditions.

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The New Rabbi of Emanu-El

The congregation of Temple Emanu-El in New York City is to be congratulated on having called to its pulpit, so long filled by the late Dr. Gustav Gottheil, the friend of Henry Ward Beecher, a kindred spirit, Dr. Judah Leon Magnes, at present rabbi of Temple Israel in Brooklyn. A correspondent of The Outlook writes of him: "The choice of a fashionable reform congregation, he is a favorite with the downtown unfashionable orthodox. He is at home in the East Side coffee-houses, where all sorts of political discussions are carried on in Hebrew—not Yiddish—and has charming manners and personality that put him at ease in the parlors of the wealthy." Judaism, in which a cleft between richer and poorer is more apparent than in any other religious body, needs more of such men. Dr. Magnes was born in 1877 at Oakland. Having received from Heidelberg the degree of Ph.D., he became teacher in Hebrew Union College at Cincinnati, where he received his theological degree, and whence he was called to Brooklyn. "An intensely Nationalist Jew," as our correspondent describes him, he was one of the secretaries of the Zionist Congress at Basle, and during the Russian massacres was chairman of the Defense Association. An idealist and an orator, he has thrown himself with ardor into the cause of the people. His work at Emanu-El will be observed with interest.

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Henrik Ibsen

Last summer, in a conversation at Copenhagen, Georg Brandes, who has been the most influential of Ibsen's interpreters, drew a pathetic picture of the old man sitting in his room in Christiania, aware of his failing powers, waiting for death; and now death has come. The portrait which The Outlook reproduces this week shows the old Norseman, full of years, facing the future with an intensity of expression touched with bitterness; a man who perhaps more than any other for the last two decades has stirred and irritated his fellows and has been at the same time almost completely detached from them. For many years people in Rome, in Munich, in Dresden, and later in Christiania, saw in the streets a stout man, below the medium height, always dressed with the greatest care, but always in somber black, dignified in his bearing, excessively reserved in manner, carrying himself, not proudly, but with a certain sense of detachment and aloofness. The large head had of late years a wealth of white hair; the great forehead, not broad, finely modeled, was suggestive of both intellectual vitality and vigor; the mouth tightly compressed, significant of immense will-power and an iron resolution. He spoke rarely except to his most intimate friends, and even with them he was never communicative. A born fighter, with the Viking blood in his veins, Ibsen stood during his whole life with his back to the wall, his face to the world, his keen eye searching the organization of society and the character of men with relentless and penetrating intensity. A hater of conventions, a lover of freedom, with an almost unerring instinct for the discovery of latent or obvious hypocrisy, loathing sentimentality, a militant idealist in arms against the whole modern order of things, impregnated by the scientific spirit in its most combative period, an exponent of the pessimistic philosophy, though not in the most fundamental sense a pessimist, among men of letters Henrik Ibsen shared with Tolstoy for two decades the center of the stage in the interest of the world at large.

Born in a little Norwegian village, early facing the privations of poverty; an apprentice in a drug-store; then a student, though with no intellectual ends clearly defined; combative, intensely reserved, satirical in temperament from the very beginning; the publisher for a few weeks of a weekly newspaper; director of a theater at Christiania; turning early to poetry and to the drama, Ibsen aroused at the very start the bitterest animosities and called out the sharpest criticism in his own country. Embittered by the failure of Norway to take a stand beside Denmark when Prussia annexed Schleswig-Holstein, turning his back indignantly on his country and for years living in Rome, in Dresden, and in Munich; a

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man without a country, with no local ties, quiet, laborious, having few friends and often testing their loyalty, Henrik Ibsen was a fighter on his own charges.

"Lady Inger at Ostrat," written at the very beginning of his career, revealed his extraordinary command of the dramatic form, his genius for clear-cut characterization, and his relentless vigor in depicting the somber side of life. "Love's Comedy," published in 1862, was the first of those social dramas which arraigned modern life with tremendous satirical power and set the whole Northern world against him. Four years later, "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" showed the poet in Ibsen at his highest range. "Brand" was the embodiment of his ideal of the Norse people; a heroic though quite impracticable figure, dominated by a lofty idealism, but incapable of working it out in actual life. "Peer Gynt," on the other hand, was the embodiment of all the evil qualities with which Ibsen charged his countrymen: a vainglorious braggart, always speaking great words and doing small things; a drama which has sometimes been called "the latter-day Faust," touched in many places with extraordinary lyrical beauty, but essentially a phantasmagoria, a vast panorama rather than a true dramatic poem. "The Emperor and the Galilean," which appeared in 1873, was characteristically treated. Next came the social dramas: "The Young Men's League," "The Pillars of Society," "Ghosts," "An Enemy of the People," "A Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler," and others, which have been performed in nearly all the theaters of the world amid storms of protest.

It is too early to determine Ibsen's rank, but it is quite certain that he was not the compeer of Shakespeare, as his idolaters have held, and that his plays, with all their remarkable dramatic skill (for he was probably the first dramatist of his time in point of craftsmanship), will not take their place with the great classics. Nor was he the blasphemer, the profaner of the sanctuary, the irrational iconoclast, that his enemies held him to be. Like the whole school of which he was the master and in a certain sense the inspirer, he stated many moral problems; he answered none. This explains at once the extraordinary dramatic interest of his work and its equally extraordinary limitations. He defined his own position in a phrase which needs no amplification, "My calling is to question, not to answer." He stood in the arena for three decades challenging the whole modern order, pointing out what he regarded as its weaknesses, its hypocrisy, its sham, its fatal instability, but offering no remedy and refusing to accept any responsibility. "All we have had to live upon up to the present date are crumbs from the revolutionary table of the past century, and even this fare has been masticated over and over again. These ideas of the past require new substance, new interpretation. Freedom, equality, and fraternity are no longer the same things they were in the days of the guillotine of blessed memory. This is what the politicians will not understand, and therefore it is I hate them. Men seem to demand special revolutions, revolutions in the outside world, in the sphere of politics. But all this is sheer nonsense. What is really needed is a revolt in the human spirit. . . ."

In the words "a revolt in the human spirit" is to be found the secret of the best in Ibsen. He was not a pessimist in the sense that he believed that all things were bad. On the contrary, he believed that a higher order of life was possible, and it was in the interest of this higher order as he saw it in his mind that he fought with a stubborn and terrible relentlessness. "He used the world as a football," said one at the bier of a satirist in Maarten Maartens's fables: "Yes," said the satirist, suddenly opening his eyes, "he kicked it toward its goal."

The limitation of Ibsen's insight lay in his lack of spirituality and deep human sympathies. He saw only a few sides of life, and these he saw with terrible distinctness. ". . . You say you have no friends at home. So I have long thought. Any one who, like yourself, stands in close relation to his life-work cannot reasonably expect to retain his friends. Friends are an expensive luxury, and he who invests his capital in a

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calling and a mission in this life has no means left wherewith to maintain friends. The cost of keeping friends does not consist in what we do for them, but in what we leave undone out of regard for them."

In his thought, his feeling, and his work Ibsen stood alone, a militant individualist in a socialistic age. For him the ultimate aim was the perfectly untrammeled expression of the individual will. His theory of society, if worked out, would make society impossible. He never worked it out, as many of his followers have tried to do; for he was primarily, what his idolaters forgot, neither a prophet nor a reformer, but a poet and a satirist.

He was an agitator in literature, not a statesman. The bent of his work as an interpretation of life was revolutionary, not constructive. Touching all the ultimate questions he was a pronounced agnostic. "The State has its root in time; it will attain its summit in time. Greater things than it will fall. All existing forms of religion will pass away. Neither moral conceptions nor art forms have an eternity before them. To how much, after all, is it our duty to hold fast? Who will vouch for me that two and two do not make five on Jupiter?" And into the mouth of "Brand" he puts these significant words:

> "No dogma and no church shall ever
> Exalted be through my endeavor;
> They both have seen their natal day,
> 'Twould, therefore, but in reason be
> That both their final hour should see.
> For all that's made must pass away;
> It gathers moths, is gnawed by worms,
> And must, obeying laws and norms,
> Give place to other unborn forms."

Ibsen has been for a decade the most prominent figure among literary men on the stage of the world. In him and in his work are to be found the working out of the pessimistic philosophy so far as existing social and political conditions are concerned; the application of some of the fundamental ideas of science with great vigor, but without shading or qualification, and therefore tending to very misleading results; the revolt against the social, political, and religious order of modern society, now fast expressing itself in political action on the Continent. He was a great revolutionary figure, missing some of the profounder things of life through his lack of spiritual insight and of that deep and passionate sympathy with his kind which has opened the secrets of the heart and clarified the vision of the greater poets. His work has made little impression on this country because, as an eminent French writer of the day has said, there is fortunately little in American life which interprets the modern dramatic school and much of the modern fiction on the Continent. He has profoundly affected the dramatic movement in Europe; and the scope of his influence as a dramatist will grow clearer in the future. If there should come a school of American dramatists within the next twenty years, their work will show the traces of Ibsen's extraordinary dramatic skill. Bare, hard, relentless, partial, and in the profoundest sense superficial as Ibsen's interpretation of life was, his skill as a craftsman, his sense of dramatic values, his command of dramatic situations, made him one of the most influential figures of his time. The world will count him, not among its greatest artists, but among its most skillful; not among its constructive leaders, but among its irritating and stimulating agitators; not among its sane interpreters of life, but among those whose function it is to rouse by attack and to stimulate to better things by the use of the scourge.

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The Settlement of Labor Disputes

In another column Mr. Everett P. Wheeler forcibly states the argument for adopting as a permanent policy the method of conciliation utilized by President Roosevelt in the coal strike. The renewal of the agreement which the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission secured has emphasized the value of the method as an expedient in that instance. The fact that we are not confronted by a great strike in the anthracite region, that thousands of families in Pennsylvania are not facing starvation, that scores of communities are not suffering

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from "hard times," and that the public is not distracted by the problem of getting fuel, is due to the investigation and the findings of that Commission three years ago. So far, however, in this country, this method of dealing with great industrial controversies has been adopted merely as an expedient. That it can be eminently successful as a regular governmental policy is proved by the experience of Canada. What Mr. Wheeler advocates, and what, we may add, The Outlook has for some time urged, is therefore nothing visionary or impracticable. It has been tested by our neighbor on the north, and its benefits are known.

For nearly six years the Dominion of Canada has had a law which is known as the Conciliation Act of 1900. According to this Act, the Minister of Labor, in the case of a dispute between employers and workmen, may of his own initiative institute an inquiry "into the causes and circumstances of the difference," and arrange a conference between the two parties, or upon application from either party appoint a conciliator (that is, a person or a board to induce the disputants to come to an agreement), or upon the application of both parties may appoint an arbitrator (that is, a person or board to decide the question at issue). Under certain circumstances the Governor in Council, upon the recommendation of the Minister of Labor, may institute a board of inquiry which can make an investigation by means of testimony under oath. In no case is the decision of a conciliator, arbitrator, or board of inquiry enforceable; the decision is not even necessarily made public. The effectiveness of this method depends upon two facts: first, that the friendly offices of an unbiased person or board can often induce men otherwise irreconcilable to hear one another's arguments; second, that the intangible force of public opinion, formed from a full knowledge of the facts, is one that most men do not care to resist or even to invite.

The Outlook has already in the past given some account of this law and its result, but a summary of the effects which this act has had during the last six years will not be superfluous. In the first place, it should be noted that the Canadian Department of Labor has acted with great conservatism; if we are not mistaken, during all that time the Department has acted on its own initiative in only one case, and that occurred last fall after a lockout had been in existence nearly four months. In other cases a request for an attempt at conciliation or arbitration has come either from one of the parties to the dispute or from an interested third party, such as a local board of trade. In the very first year there were five requests for the friendly intervention of the Department of Labor. All of the cases occurred in establishments which were among the most important industrial concerns of the country; and in every case the dispute was brought to an end, whether a strike or a lockout had begun or not, within twenty-four hours after the arrival of the conciliator.

The very first strike which was settled was especially significant. Troops had been sent in anticipation of a disturbance. The arrival of the troops at once precipitated a strike, for the men resented this threat of force. Serious consequences followed, and conciliation was requested. The morning after the Deputy Minister arrived the employees were back at work, and before the end of that day the troops were withdrawn.

In many cases the suggestion of conciliation has been enough to end a dispute. As one annual report of the Department points out, in a certain case the company has accepted conciliation in order that "the extra expense and publicity of a court of arbitration" might be avoided. In the second year of the existence of the act, more than twice as many requests for intervention were made to the Department. In four of these cases intervention was asked at too late a date to be of any service; for the company in each case had succeeded in employing enough workmen to take the strikers' places, and the dispute had "petered out." This shows, however, with what restraint the Department has exercised its powers, for though it had the right to institute an inquiry without a request, it waited until its friendly offices were desired. The wisdom of this

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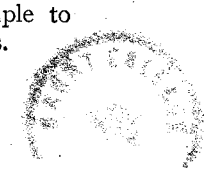
course is obvious. Advice that is asked for has far greater weight than that which is gratuitously proffered. In the third year there were still more applications for intervention. Out of the thirteen disputes involved, all but two were settled by the Department or with its help. It is also significant that these disputes included, with one or two exceptions, "all the serious existing or threatened disputes" during the year. The requests for intervention during the fourth year were less than a third of the number made during the preceding year. This was due largely to a greatly decreased number of important industrial disputes. During the year which ended June 30, 1905, the intervention of the Department was requested only once, and then so late that it was of little effect; but the ensuing inquiry had certain valuable features.

Probably no case in which the Department intervened proved the effectiveness of the law more clearly than that of the Nanaimo mines in British Columbia last year. The employers, in consequence of a new eight-hour law, had posted certain conditions, and announced that if the conditions were not accepted one of the mines would be closed down. The conditions were not accepted, and the employees in a neighboring mine went out in sympathy with their fellows. After work had been suspended throughout the summer and conditions in the community had become almost intolerable, the Deputy Minister of Labor, Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, appointed conciliator by the Minister of Labor, arrived at the mines. After interviews with representatives of the men and with the general manager of the mines, he called a mass-meeting of the miners. At this meeting a committee was chosen which, with Mr. King as intermediary, began negotiations with the company. Within two days Mr. King was acting as chairman of a meeting between the representatives of both parties, at which terms of agreement were drawn up. The next day this agreement was ratified by another mass-meeting of the miners, and was signed by representatives of both the management and the men. Not the least valuable part of the settlement is the fuller appreciation of the difficulties, responsibilities, and rights of the other by each party to the agreement.

The success of this general act has been so pronounced that a special law for the investigation of disputes between railroad employees and their employers has been enacted. Of this Railway Labor Disputes Act the Deputy Minister in his last annual report writes: "It was believed that the measure, providing, as it did, the machinery whereby a public inquiry might be made under oath as to the causes underlying any difference between a railway company and any of its employees, with a view to bringing about an adjustment of these differences, . . . would of itself be a means of averting strikes and lockouts on the railways of the Dominion. That the expectation of Parliament in this regard has been thus far realized is well evidenced from the fact that since the passing of the act (now two years ago) there has not been a single strike on any of the railroads of the Dominion of such a nature as to seriously affect transportation."

In one essential particular, we believe, largely lies the strength of the general act; namely, that there is always in existence the agency for inquiry and conciliation. The Government does not have to wait for the two parties to appoint a board of conciliation or arbitration; it does not have to wait even to form a board of inquiry; it can at an hour's notice undertake an inquiry or an effort for conciliation itself. Mr. King, the Deputy Minister, has himself, in practically every case, acted as peacemaker. There is no chance thus for wire-pulling. The agency is not created afresh with every dispute, and is therefore not subject to prejudice. It is in continuous existence. Special boards may be created if necessary; but they are rarely found necessary. The one man, experienced, tactful, determined, is always on hand, ready for service. And it has been proved that that one man can cope with thousands. Because he speaks for the whole country his voice is heard.

We commend Canada's example to the Congress of the United States.



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In Quest of Light

Mr. Goldwin Smith has collected in a small volume certain letters which he had published in the New York "Sun" on religious and theological topics. The title of his book indicates not only the character of these letters but also the character of this age. Says Mr. Smith in his preface, "A secular journal in England received, in the course of three months, nine thousand communications from people seeking for light on the religious question." Such an age may be skeptical; but it is not irreligious. The skepticism is not of that immoral variety which discards religion in order to escape responsibility; it is not of that flippant variety which asks questions for the sake of asking them. It is very much in earnest. It is "in quest of light."

The age has adopted laboratory methods. It wants truth, not pleasing fiction; evidence, not assertion. The skeptic does not insist on going into the laboratory to try every question for himself, but he insists on the right to do so. Every attempt on the part of the Church to prevent such investigation intensifies the skepticism which it seeks to suppress. The notion that a few are direct recipients of the truth and the many must take it from them second hand, the spirit of the age resents. Mr. Goldwin Smith speaks for his age when he says, "I never could regard without entire aversion the notion of certain illuminists that truth was the privilege of the enlightened few while tradition was the lot of the crowd."

But modern skepticism is beginning to reject the dogmatism of science, as well as the dogmatism of theology. It refuses to give to Haeckel the unquestioning credence which it has refused to give to Calvin. A Ph.D. counts for no more with the modern inquirer than a D.D. He demands a reason for despair as well as for hope.

And this for a very good reason. The age demands evidence, but it is beginning to see that the nature of the investigation and the kind of proof are not the same in the two spheres. As we investigate color with our eyes and not with our ears, and sounds with our ears and not with our eyes, so we investigate physical phenomena with our physical senses, and spiritual phenomena with our spiritual sense. This simple but oft-forgotten truth Mr. Goldwin Smith repeatedly affirms:

> We are happily casting off superstition, but there may well be some scope for faith. Not for the faith which would reject or supplant man, but for the faith which is the evidence of things unseen.
>
> The knowledge of the universe, or of the particle of it which we inhabit, is that received through our bodily senses. Is it certain that these are our only sources of knowledge? If our moral perceptions are natural, ought they to be put out of count?
>
> Heartily accepting evolution, I demur to the assumption that physical development is the end, as well as to the assumption that nothing of which our bodily senses are not cognizant can be true.

Scientific skepticism has confounded the material and the spiritual realms and insisted that we are not to accept spiritual truth unless it is demonstrated by material proofs. This is a bad blunder. The Church has confounded the material and the spiritual realms and insisted that he who rejects her physical theories necessarily rejects her spiritual witness. This is a worse blunder. The divinity of Jesus Christ does not depend on physiological theories respecting his birth. It is attested by his life and work and teaching. The divinity of Christianity does not depend on any theory of Christ's physical resurrection. It is attested by the history of the Christ spirit winning its way in spite of gross misapprehension of that spirit within the Church and bitter opposition to it without. If it could be scientifically demonstrated that Joseph Smith was supernaturally born and supernaturally raised from the dead, that would afford no reason for accepting Mormonism. If it could be scientifically proved that Jesus Christ was not supernaturally born and not supernaturally raised from the dead, that would afford no reason for rejecting Christianity.

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THE PANAMA CANAL

BY JOHN FOSTER CARR

Fifth Paper

The Chief Engineer and His Work

TRAINING the sluggish blacks into a unified army of workers, officering them, distributing them; weeding out the unfit whites, disciplining the rest to honest and intelligent effort; reorganizing the wretched makeshift of a railroad; patiently unraveling the tangled incompetence of the commissary; deciding technical questions about dams, locks, and excavations; superintending the building of new wharves, machine shops, a dry dock; solving problems of water supply and sewering; forever on the tramp, busy about a thousand things, is the Chief Engineer, John F. Stevens. The mastery that his personality has already won over his force is the most significant fact to note in our progress on the Isthmus. He is the one man to grapple the task who has had the broad view, the National view—who has made driving, ordered work the inspiration of the day. And his character is the best pledge we have that now at last the Canal is going to be built quickly and well, to stand, in spite of the amazing follies of the past, as a monument of American practical efficiency.

A tall, broad-shouldered man of fifty-two, with gray eyes steady in an open, swarthy, mustached face, he looks squarely at you while he talks with a boy's frankness. He is deliberate, forcible, intense, yet, except upon a reminiscent evening, speaking little. There is in him something of the canny Maine Yankee, something of the pushing pioneer of the plains. His day's work is so promptly despatched that he is never a single letter of it in arrears. He is never in a hurry, and can give an hour almost any time to a man with legitimate business; yet of his twelve daily working hours he can never spare five minutes for a trivial thing. Ever since the winter when he was tamping ties in Texas at $1.10 a day, he has made his own way, and he has done it by prodigiously hard work and an infallibility of common sense that amounts to genius. After his twenty years in the service of the railroads that were merged in the Great Northern, James J. Hill, its shrewd builder-president, said of him: "He is the most capable engineer in railroad construction that I have ever known. He is always in the right place at the right time, and does the right thing without asking questions about it." But reputation does not count for much with the hard-headed engineers and mechanics on the Isthmus. They judge a man by what they see themselves.

What they saw in the new "Chief" they liked from the first. There was no condescension, no airs of authority about him. He never used a special train; the ordinary "local" or "freight"

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suited his convenience, and the "brains car" was suddenly a thing of the past. He brought no cronies down to fat jobs. The men he personally selected for positions had a way of proving their ability; and every man he discharged, by nearly common consent, deserved dismissal. He was a hard taskmaster, but he worked himself, and he worked with a vengeance. There was no part of the line that he did not cover repeatedly on foot. "Take a spy-glass," runs one of the jokes of the Isthmus, "and up or down the road you'll see Stevens striding over the ties." He went into the kitchens unannounced—"not his way to hunt ducks with a brass band," said a fireman to me—and saw that the same dinner was served him that the men were eating. If anything was wrong, the manager heard of it.

Other acts told the men his character. First, there was the instant veto he put on the proposal to build an expensive residence for the Chief Engineer at Ancon. Panama and the swirl of its official social life were not for him. He chose to go to the heights of Culebra to live, that he might be on the ground where his most important work lay. And it was not long before some one in the Building Department told how he had blue-penciled the plan for his new house until it was reduced to positive cheapness, and had "no more style than the Chief's hat." Every day each mess had a new story to hear of him, and it always had its significance.

Encouragement for the man who does things, reproof for the dodger of responsibility, were the frequent burden of the tale. A carpenter had been ordered to build some sheds at Gorgona. He wrote back to Stevens to say that there was some old French equipment in the way, and asking what he should do. Stevens scribbled on the bottom of the letter, "Wait till I have a free Sunday, and I'll come down and move it for you." His rebukes are always bluff, but there is usually a note of kindness in them. Here is what he said to a young engineer who gave him an unasked-for report on a difficult job that had been set him: "You are not hired to advise me how your work can be done. You are hired to do it. You may make mistakes, but you were appointed because I know that you are equal to your work. And remember this: There is only one mistake you can make that will be absolutely fatal with me, and that is to do nothing."

These things give the spirit of the man. Admiration and confidence have followed respect until it seems that Stevens has inspired the personal loyalty of every one on the Isthmus. And this is not only because he is square and human—the plain American citizen. It is based above all upon the conviction of his supreme practical ability. Men have seen his careful, rapid reorganization of a vast force, motleyed with some hundreds of Jacks of all trades and none. Among those who have "made good" under Stevens are a dentist turned gang foreman, a hotel-keeper, a hospital steward, a tattooed lion-tamer, a stenographer. They have seen put in charge of the work at last a man who is capable of grasping the thing as a whole, who knows by instinct what he can neglect, finds fit men to attend to details, and yet makes every one, from Colon to Panama, feel that he knows all that is going on. And so there has grown up a confidence that Stevens will meet every difficulty as it arises, and, foreseeing everything, providing everything, finish the Canal (a lieutenant of police made the comparison) as Lord Kitchener carried his military railroad across the Nubian desert to Khartum, surmounting all the great obstacles of the way and completing it on the very day that he had set months before.

Balzac makes old Père Goriot say that for a man to succeed in life he must get his aim right, and then drive for the mark like a cannon-ball. Stevens has certainly infused intensity into the work. He is insisting upon longer hours and harder labor than the Government exacts of its employees anywhere else in the tropics. He has made his men understand that there is a great deal of lost time to be made up; for the days are not long past when nobody worked but the ants and the typewriters, and the foremen sat around and smoked cigarettes. Nobody knows better than the

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Chief Engineer that success in building the Canal does not rest upon the future, but upon to-day; that now, if at any time, a blundering failure or delay would cause National discouragement; that once the undertaking were interrupted, it would need the enthusiasm of another generation to make a fresh start at the work.

"A business proposition" is what the whole great task of construction stands for to Mr. Stevens, and he has planned the work on a strictly business basis. The heads of his departments are not the protégés of politicians, but men who have already succeeded in sharp competition with other men in the very work which they are now directing. He does not know, he told me, where he could find a single man to better any one of them. Mr. Tubby, his Chief of Material and Supplies, was the General Storekeeper of the Great Northern Railroad, and handled all its construction material when it made the world's record for rapid track-laying. The Master Builder, Mr. Belding, rose from a journeyman carpenter to be General Foreman in charge of all the building repairs and construction on the Illinois Central Railroad. Mr. Smith, Manager of Labor and Quarters, whose recruiting agents are scattered all over the West Indies, who sees to the housing of the 23,000 employees of the Commission and of the Panama Railroad, and provides food for the 2,000 who elect to eat at the hotels and kitchens, has been in railroad construction work nearly all his life—exclusively in the tropics for the five years before his employment on the Isthmus. These are the men whose important accomplished work strikes the eye. When they took charge, there was chaos within the Zone. An inventory had never even been attempted; supplies were often left unprotected and were carried off without order or permission by the first man who needed them. The idea of a definite responsibility, as now, running like a chain through the departments subject to the Chief Engineer, seems to have been undreamed of. Under the new rule a rational business order has been evolved, and promptness and economy are becoming every-day virtues.

The same businesslike routine, the same efficient ways, are seen in the developed system of water-works, in the mechanical department, in the municipal construction. Only an expert could judge of the work of the engineers, their minute surveys and elaborate plans; but the mass of their patient toil is impressive—their piles of carefully detailed maps, the thousands of stakes you find everywhere in the jungle, or such a thing as the roomful of great cases at Empire, filled with the sampled eight miles of borings, every piece ordered and labeled.

But the high efficiency of the new régime is not to be credited with the miracle of all the completed work one sees. Just because we have accepted abuse of the French as well deserved, the first great surprise of the Isthmus is the amount they accomplished—by the estimate of the Chief Engineer, based on the plans he approves, they excavated nearly one-third of the Great Cut. They showed skill in every part of their work, and the excellence of all their material is the wonder of every practical man who tests it. Nearly all our hospitals were their hospitals; our buildings—eleven out of twelve of them—were their buildings. Their purchases were extravagant—we are still using over $40,000 worth of their old supplies every month—but they bought the best machinery they could find, and the most of it is now useless solely on account of recent progress in invention.

A second wonder for the newcomer is the respect—almost universal—for the work that Mr. Wallace did. I find it everywhere, and nowhere more pronounced than among those who bitterly censure his abandonment of the task, and think him a poor leader of men. Against the fair criticism of him they urge the just defense that he had the inglorious labor of doing the first rough spade work; that he had to make the necessary trials of the old French machinery; that National, more than personal or official, impatience to make the dirt fly was responsible foremost of his costly sacrifices to hurry the work. And there are many who insist that he had to contend with occasional opposi-

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tion, occasional lack of confidence and loyal support both from superiors and inferiors. There is certainly a unanimity of engineering opinion about him, and it unites in praise of his professional ability. So far, at least, in cordial approval, the Division Engineers—Maltby, Sullivan, Gerig, Holcombe, and Dauchy (who is now retired)—are all glad to be quoted. The Chief Engineer, as is his wont, was emphatic: "Mr. Wallace is one of the ablest engineers in our country, and his work here was what I would have expected of him—earnest, clever, and thorough. You can make that as strong as you like!"

Progress under the Chief Engineer is now sane and orderly—rapid, but no longer feverish. There is high average "team play," and this because there is a strong and responsible head. Our conciliatory policy toward the Panamanians is a less serious drawback here than elsewhere, for within the Zone we have complete sovereignty. Still, native opposition has been a very hampering condition in Panama, where its 390 policemen—the whole city has less than 25,000 inhabitants—seem especially set to hinder the work of paving. We justify the laying of this very expensive brick roadway on the ground of sanitation. In reality it is a municipal improvement almost purely for the benefit and convenience of the Panamanians. Yet they will arrest a foreman if his hose bursts, peremptorily close an open street to a sand-cart, and put the driver in jail if he tries to cross an open lot.

But there are worse obstacles than these. One is inefficient men. There are skilled workmen enough of most sorts, but good foremen, locomotive engineers, and steam shovel men are still urgently needed. In the lack of them the best of the poor material that offers must be used, and the work suffers.

A portentous difficulty for the Canal builders is the cumbersome and obstructive direction of the work from Washington. The lack of actual first-hand knowledge of affairs on the Isthmus often makes the statements and speeches of Washington the laughing-stock of Panama. And the bungling and delays of Washington produce something between resignation and despair on the Zone when supplies fail to come. Here is an instance: A contract for 500 box freight-cars was awarded on the 9th of last June; a guarantee of shipment within four months was required of the contractor. In a little more than ten months between sixty and seventy had arrived! The traffic of the railroad has increased more than fifty per cent. within the last year; and for the want of these freight-cars much of the labor of transportation is doubled, perishable goods under tarpaulins are monopolizing the Commission's new flat dumping-cars, and more or less serious trouble results every week. Where lies the difficulty? The Chief Engineer himself does not know.

Perhaps even more irritating is the red tape. Mr. Stevens has done some brave slashing at it, but the system remains. In its essence it is the Government system, with army modifications introduced by the Walker Commission, and a few independent additions. Men used to the simple, businesslike ways of our railroads and great construction companies detest the delays, the extravagance, the stupidity of the Government method. Even the routine phrasing of correspondence, with its "I have the honor to report," revolts them. "It's a government of clerks!" one of them angrily told me. In a case of which I have copies of the papers, a carpenter had to make a regular written application to his superior for permission to put a saw-cut through a ten-foot board, though he would have had authority to use two boards five feet long—the exact needed length—if he could have found them in his racks.

Such an instance is extreme, and merely serves as an index to the excesses of the system. But take the story of an ordinary requisition. Suppose some lead pipe is called for and is out of stock. Following the rules, the printed form is filled out; five copies of it are made, signed, and distributed to the proper offices. Washington in due course advertises for bids. The contract allows from one to four months for delivery. Two weeks usually pass between the day of shipment in New

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York and the day of unloading in Colon. Then, if a length of pipe is wanted at Ahorca Lagarto, the same process of requisitioning with signed copies in quintuple must be observed, and, with the present state of inefficiency of the railroad, perhaps two more weeks wasted in waiting and sending out tracers and inquiries. The master mechanic in one of the largest shops on the Zone told me that he could not get a bolt without signing his name twelve times. As much of this as is required by law cannot be avoided, but practical men believe that a full half of the red tape could be dispensed with, and a full half of these delays saved.

Depressing and unsettling is the uncertainty as to the type of the Canal. A decision matters little as far as most of the present work is concerned. That must be done, whatever the type. And it is untrue that the Chief Engineer will resign if Congress approves the sea-level project. I asked him about the rumor and he answered: "Now that I have put my hand to the plow, it's not going to be taken off unless somebody pulls it off." Congress has already had several months for deliberation, and a decision is very much needed, if equipment proper to the plan adopted is to be ordered in time to save further months of delay. Above all, it is needed to put heart into tbe men, and to give them a goal set clearly before their eyes.

The old idea of a transformable canal, which the framers of the Spooner Law had in mind, has been wholly abandoned. In almost their only unanimous decision, the Board of Consulting Engineers condemned it as impracticable, and it is no longer discussed on the Isthmus. The contest is between sea-level and lock canal, and all the engineers here—I know of no exception—are almost passionate advocates of the lock and dam plan. They cannot believe that any other will be chosen, and they marshal their arguments in this way: A sea-level canal would be likely to cost, by the Chief Engineer's estimate, at least $150,000,000 more than a lock canal. Three-quarters of the extra excavation would be through rock—most of it rock under water—with increased possibilities of mud slides, such as that which plunged into the Cut last winter. No one can tell even approximately how long the work would take. Once finished, the Canal would be so narrow a ditch—thirty-nine of the forty-nine miles two hundred feet wide or less—that traffic through it would be exceedingly slow; for, when two ships were to meet, one of them would have to tie up at a station on the bank to let the other pass. And silting mud would be so grave a matter that a fleet of dredges working constantly from one end of the Canal to the other would almost certainly be necessary.

Not a single one of these objections can lie against the lock canal. Twenty miles of it, mostly through the proposed new lake, would be one thousand feet or over wide, and twenty-three miles more would be from three hundred to eight hundred feet wide. Ships could pass each other rapidly. The necessary occasional dredging would never be an embarrassment to traffic; and there are probably no serious surprises in store. The lock and dam plan alone would satisfy the desire of our people to have the Canal quickly completed for the advantage of our commerce and of our National defense. And the most heartening thing about it is the hope each man will have to see the work through for himself, and not handed down for another generation to finish. Go where you will on the Isthmus and talk with mechanics and clerks and engineers. Some, as they understand the problem, will lay stress on one thing, some on another. But in the end for every one of them this alternative of choice stands clearly forth: A speedy and practical plan approved by the men on the ground who have mastered the patient work of drills and surveys—a plan to rouse something like the enthusiasm that will carry a regiment at a dash up a long and hard hill. Or, the blind imposition of a task interminable, vague, half-studied, perhaps impossible.

The task is gigantic as it is. The Great Cut already seems a cañon, but there must still be taken out of it a mass of earth and rock equal to fifteen times the cubic contents of the Pyramid of

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Cheops. The steam shovels must still go 140 feet below the lowest point where they are delving to-day. It is as if the new giant steamer Amerika were buried there and our excavation had only just laid bare the top of her highest mast. Nearly half of all this spoil of Culebra, or its equivalent, must be used to rear the mountain dam of earth at Gatun. At Gatun, too, the duplicate flight of three locks will be built, requiring the greatest mass of masonry ever laid together since the days of the Egyptians. To supply the material for this, 125 car-loads of concrete must be shoveled into place from the mixing platforms every working day for two years and a quarter. The Great Pyramid rises nearly to the height of the Washington Monument, spreads over thirteen acres, and took the labor of one hundred thousand men twenty years for its building. The finished locks of Gatun will measure more than half its vast bulk, and stand for one of the great wonders of the modern world.

It is the work at Gatun, not the Cut of Culebra, that is the hard task before us—so the Chief Engineer holds. "Doing your very best, how quickly can a lock canal be built?" I asked him. "I don't like digging dirt with a pencil," was his answer, "but here's a guess: The dams and locks on the Pacific side of the Isthmus we shall easily finish before the rest of the work. And Culebra is not our longest job. Our nine shovels took out of it 240,000 yards last month. With our full equipment we shall be able to handle a million yards a month and something over. That would complete the digging of the Canal in four years; add fifty per cent. for breakdowns and the delays we shall have from the rainy seasons, and you will have the Great Cut excavated in six years. But the Gatun dam and locks will take at least eight years of hard work, unless we install electric light and use night shifts of laborers. Give us the order to do that and the authority, and we could probably finish the Canal in seven years."

"Would contracting the work hurry the end of it?" "That is one of the usual advantages of employing a contractor. To be practicable, the entire work should be offered for bids in eight or ten different divisions"—the old French company had seventeen contractors and over forty sub-contractors—"but there is a danger in the contract proposal. If Congress makes the letting of the work obligatory, the door will be open to the biggest scandal of our day. We should preserve the right to reject bids unless the lowest bidding price is less than that for which the Government is doing the work. We now have very exact figures and know precisely how much it costs us per cubic yard to excavate every kind of material at every part of the Isthmus."

"Would an earthquake damage your locks?" "There is little chance of it. They are to be so massive that they would suffer less from a shock than the masonry dam up the Chagres, which must be used for a sea-level canal. But earthquakes are unknown on the Isthmus. In an old ruined church in Panama an engineering impossibility that they call a flat arch spans the nave. How it stands at all is a mystery. Certainly an earthquake would bring it down; but it has held its place unshaken for more than two hundred years, and I think that is proof sufficient that we need not fear earthquakes."

"But when all your work is over and done, and the waters of a 110-mile lake are thrown against your earthen dam at Gatun, can you be sure that it will stand?" I asked. "I answer positively 'yes.' Think of the dimensions of the dam we have planned. At water level it is to be 374 feet thick. At the base it will be over half a mile through. A dam built as we propose to build this one is just as solid as any mountain that the Lord ever made of the same material. A pressure of eighty-five feet of water could no more carry it away than you could push over Gold Hill with the flat of your hand." He pointed across Culebra Cut, and Gold Hill looked like the square-set Gibraltar as it towered over the chasm that goes to the lowest point in the continental divide between the Arctic Ocean and Tierra del Fuego.

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COMPULSORY INVESTIGATION OF LABOR DISPUTES

BY EVERETT P. WHEELER

ONE of the most serious defects in the character of the American people is their readiness to accept temporary remedies for permanent evils. Like the Arkansas farmer in the story, they cannot mend the roof while it is raining, and when the rain is over, it does not need to be mended.

In its issue of September 13, 1902, The Outlook called attention to the necessity of some provision for arbitration to settle controversies between corporations and labor organizations. It quoted a statement of Governor Stone, of Pennsylvania:

> A law that would settle labor disputes between employer and employed must of necessity be a compulsory arbitration law, and the award must be final and conclusive. The law must be drafted for the protection of society, and must not be drawn in the interest of employer and employee. Experience teaches that strikes endanger life and property. When life and property are in jeopardy, society is menaced. The right of the public, the right of society, is greater than the rights of the participants on both sides in any strike.

No practical response was made to this proposition of the Governor of Pennsylvania. The strike in the anthracite region went on. The Rev. Peter Roberts has recently in The Outlook stated clearly its evil results to all classes of the community, but particularly to the women and children, and declared, quoting Wayne MacVeagh's terse and effective language: "'The strike of 1902 was a foretaste of hell.' Each workman feels it is his personal quarrel; in each breast there are kindled feelings of enmity against all arrayed on the side of the capitalists."

On the 23d of October, 1902, President Roosevelt descended into this inferno. He appointed a Commission to "inquire into, consider, and pass upon the questions in controversy in connection with the strike in the anthracite region, and the causes out of which the controversy arose." The investigation took place, the award of the Commission was made March 18, 1903, and was observed by both parties for three years. Then new negotiations between the United Mine Owners and the United Miners took place, which nearly failed. There is no legal method for such adjustments at present. Yet the same Commission which made the award which has worked so well, made an additional recommendation which has been absolutely ignored.

President Roosevelt enjoined it upon the Commission to make the endeavor to "establish the relations between the employers and the wage workers in the anthracite fields on a just and permanent basis, and as far as possible to do away with any causes for the recurrence of such difficulties as those which you have been called in to settle." The Commission report:

"We believe that the awards we have made, and which are herewith submitted, will accomplish, certainly during their life, the high aims contemplated in your letter. Faithful adherence to the terms of the awards cannot fail to accomplish this. But in order to secure the public against long-continued controversy, and to make a coal famine or a famine in any other direction practically impossible, we deem it essential that there should be some authority to conduct just such investigation as that you called upon us to make."

And thereupon the Commission recommended the substantial adoption by Congress of an act which had been drawn by Charles Francis Adams. This Act is printed in the index to the report of the Arbitration Commission. It is entitled: "An Act to provide for the Investigation of Controversies affecting Inter-State Commerce and for other Purposes."

Section 1. Whenever within any State or States, Territory or Territories of the United

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States, a controversy concerning wages, hours of labor, or conditions of employment shall arise between an employer being an individual, partnership, association, corporation, or other combination, and the employees or association or combination of employees of such employer, by reason of which controversy the transportation of the United States mails, the operations, civil or military, of the Government of the United States, or the free and regular movement of commerce among the several States and with foreign nations is, in the judgment of the President, interrupted or directly affected, or threatened with being so interrupted or directly affected, the President shall in his discretion inquire into the same and investigate the causes thereof.

Sec. 2. To this end the President may appoint a special Commission, not exceeding seven in number, of persons in his judgment specially qualified to conduct such an investigation.

It then proceeds to provide for the organization of the Commission, for a full hearing of the parties to the controversy, and authorizes the Commission to administer oaths, and to compel the attendance of witnesses and the production of books and papers. To this end the Commission may invoke the aid of the courts of the United States, and is vested with all the powers of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and the courts of the United States are required to render it aid to the same extent as aid is rendered to the Inter-State Commerce Commission. It authorizes the Commission to "enter and inspect any public institution, factory, workshop, or mine." After the investigation of its controversy, the Commission shall "formulate the report thereon, setting forth the causes of the same, locating, so far as may be, the responsibilities thereof, and making such specifications and recommendations as shall in its judgment put an end to such controversy or disturbance, and prevent a recurrence thereof."

Here, then, we have a bill drawn by an able and experienced statesman, a man of affairs, recommended by one of the ablest and most impartial Commissions that ever sat in this country. Yet the American people have given it the go-by, made no provision whatever to guard against the terrible suffering that was experienced by old and young, rich and poor, during the winter of 1902–03, and a recurrence of those old evils was threatened. Blood has already been shed. Whatever the results of the present temporary settlement, the danger always exists. Why will not Congress provide a remedy? and what remedy better than that recommended by the Arbitration Commission has been or can be suggested?

The objection is often made to the existence of such arbitration commissions that neither party is obliged to obey the award. This objection is more plausible than sound. It is true that the act in question does not provide compulsory process for the enforcement of the award, but practically the necessities of both parties to the controversy and the power of public opinion are more powerful agencies to compel obedience than the sheriff or marshal. Corporations require laborers. Laborers need wages. They do not agree because prejudice, short-sighted self-interest, the jealousy that controversy is apt to engender, prevent. But when an impartial tribunal ascertains the facts and reports equitable terms for agreement, experience shows that the parties agree. This is eminently true in the case of controversies affecting the necessities of life, in which the public is even more interested than the parties.

In the case in hand, the President of the Delaware and Hudson Company has declared over his own signature that "the present wages are adequate and have greatly increased the price of coal, and the advances demanded would further increase the price at least $1.10 per ton." This proposition he undertakes to prove by a row of figures that on their face seem conclusive. It should be said that this increase in price is applicable only to the domestic sizes, and not to the steam coal which comes in competition with bituminous. It should also be said that this increase in price of $1.10 a ton means a great deal more than that to the poor people who buy their coal by the pailful. All experience shows that retailers make a profit of at least twice, and, in the case of small lots, three times, the amount of the increase in the wholesale price. Is it just that the miners, whose wages are far higher than those of many workingmen and workingwomen, should demand an increase at the expense of their poorer brethren?

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On the other hand, John Mitchell, the President of the United Miners, denies the correctness of the statements of Mr. Willcox. The public could speedily make up its mind as to the merits of the case if it authentically knew the facts. Such a Commission as that recommended by Judge Gray, Carroll D. Wright, General Wilson, Bishop Spalding, and their associates, would ascertain the facts and enable the public to pass judgment upon them.

One additional clause should be added to the bill. A strike pending an investigation by such a Commission should be illegal. Strikes were illegal at common law. They have been permitted as a rough but often effective means to enable workingmen to get higher wages. The necessity for them will cease when society provides a means for ascertaining the facts and awarding impartial judgment. Public opinion is probably not prepared for a prohibition of them after the award of such a Commission, but pending investigation certainly there should be no strike. As Mr. Lincoln said: You must settle finally; why not settle before the war begins rather than after it?

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE OF EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE

BY EMMA MAXWELL BURKE

NO one can comprehend the calamity to San Francisco in its entirety. The individual experience can probably give the general public the clearest idea. I was one of the fortunate ones, for neither personal injury nor death visited my household; but what I saw and felt I will try to give to you.

It was 5:13 A.M., and my husband had arisen and lit the gas stove, and put on the water to heat. He had closed our bedroom door that I might enjoy one more nap. We were in a fourth-story apartment flat, said to be built with unusual care. Twelve flats, so constructed, occupied a corner one block from Golden Gate Park. All our rooms, six in number, opened into a square reception hall, from which the stairs descended.

The shock came, and hurled my bed against an opposite wall. I sprang up, and, holding firmly to the foot-board, managed to keep on my feet to the door. The shock was constantly growing heavier; rumbles, crackling noises, and falling objects already commenced the din.

The door refused to open. The earthquake had wedged it in the door-frame. My husband was pushing on the opposite side and I pulling with all my strength, when a twist of the building released it, and the door sprang open.

We braced ourselves in the doorway, clinging to the casing. Our son appeared across the reception-room, and my husband motioned to him to stand in his door also, for fear of the chimney. It grew constantly worse, the noise deafening; the crash of dishes, falling pictures, the rattle of the flat tin roof, bookcases being overturned, the piano hurled across the parlor, the groaning and straining of the building itself, broken glass and falling plaster, made such a roar that no one noise could be distinguished.

We never knew when the chimney came tearing through; we never knew when a great marine picture weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds crashed down, not eight feet away from us; we were frequently shaken loose from our hold on the door, and only kept our feet by mutual help and our utmost efforts.

The floor moved like short, choppy waves of the sea, crisscrossed by a tide as mighty as themselves. The ceiling responded to all the angles of the floor. I never expected to come out alive. I looked across the reception-room at the white face of our son, and thought to see the floors give way with him momentarily. How a building could stand such motion and keep its frame intact is still a mystery to me.

Stand in front of your clock and

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count off forty-eight seconds, and imagine this scene to have continued for that length of time, and you can get some idea of what one could suffer during that period.

Talk about De Quincey's "Vision of Sudden Death"!

With ever-lessening intensity, it finally quit.

My husband told me to dress quickly and get down our tortuous stairs to the street. I rushed to the window and saw my neighbor of the lower flat standing in the middle of the street in her night-clothes, clasping her little babe in her arms. I called to her and asked if I should fling out some bed-clothing to wrap them in. She said her husband had gone into the house to get their clothes. The street was black with people, or rather *white*, for they were mostly in strict undress.

Then I turned to dress myself. What a change in values! I had no thought for the dress I had cherished the day before. I was merely considering what was warmest and most substantial. A coarse wool skirt, and a long coat lined with white silk and highly decorated with trimming. Did I choose the latter because it was pretty? No, indeed! but because it was warm and long. My diamonds and money were thrust into a hand-satchel, and we hastily made our way to the street.

The electric poles stood in the most inebriated attitudes the length of our street. Chimneys on roofs, chimneys in the street, bricks and broken glass everywhere, stone steps gaping apart, wooden ones splintered, and buildings themselves at strange angles! We walked around to the Park Emergency Hospital, three blocks away. We were anxious about the great buildings in the business section, and hoped to obtain some news there. The street was elevated at one point several feet, and a great broken water-main was flooding that section. The hospital is a one-story, low stone structure, with tiled roof. Its stone facing had nearly all fallen away, the chimney was gone, and the tiles were twisted and broken. All the timbering that supported the roof was exposed to view; the stone arch over the entrance was crumbled and just ready to fall. The matron had just been removed unconscious from a heap of brick, mortar, and general débris. The attendants were making frantic efforts to get the ambulance out. Tumbled piles of stones were in front of the doors, and one door was so wedged that it could not be moved. But the ambulance was found to be narrower than the remaining door, willing hands were lifting and turning the great stones out of the way, and finally the frightened horses hauled it out over an amount of débris that in ordinary times would have been considered insurmountable.

After a half-hour we came up to our flat to take an inventory of the situation. I walked over the remains of my choicest china, porcelain, and cut-glass, without a feeling of regret or a sigh or tear. Everything seemed so insignificant, and the world so far away. That is, the world we had lived in. All estimates of value were annihilated. Human life seemed the only thing worth consideration.

Thin spirals of smoke now began to ascend from various places in the business section, and we realized how completely we were at the mercy of fire, with the broken water-mains, and reservoirs perhaps destroyed. The gas and water had been cut off immediately in most of our homes. The power-houses were down and the electricity gone too.

We took a few bricks and built a fire between them in the middle of the street, like every one else, and ate our breakfast on the steps of our home.

Frequent "tremblers" sent us scurrying to the road, and as night came on we gathered some bedding together and went into the Park, the Mecca of all the city. All day I had been feeding homeless ones who had drifted out from the Mission district, where great clouds of angry smoke were rising and large areas had already been devastated.

As I took my load to go, I saw a mother and daughter sitting in the next alcove, into which four doors from flats opened. They were weary, and the girl almost fainting. Everything they had was burned, and they had had nothing to eat all day. I told them they could go up in our flat and sleep, if they wished. They were afraid; so was I. Then I

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gathered all the door-mats in the alcoves about, went upstairs and found two old comforters, and made them a bed. I gave them food, and hastened to the Park through the gathering twilight. My husband and son had spread a mattress under the protecting branches of some bushes, with a great eucalyptus-tree towering over us. We crawled in, sleeping crosswise of the mattress, and my long coat kept me snug and warm. The immense fires started by the earthquake now made such a ruddy glow that it was easy to see everything, although the flames were two miles away. No lights were allowed in the Park, and all was soon quiet except the wail of a baby, the clang of an ambulance, and the incessant roll of wheels and tramp of feet as the people constantly sought the refuge of safety. People were all about us in huddled groups, sleeping the sleep of exhaustion on the lawns and under the shrubbery.

Late in the night I heard a cry, "Bakers wanted! Bakers wanted!" over and over—the first cry of a stricken people for bread. Later came another, through the silent night—"Union telegraphers wanted"—to tell the world our awful plight. Morning came, and my husband was detailed to take charge of the water distribution at the entrance to the Park. Water was now more precious than gold, and not a drop must be wasted. Many of the mains were broken, and no one knew how the reservoirs were. A large iron caldron was secured from the engineer of the Park, and two stone-masons volunteered their aid. Stone was hauled from the fallen chimneys of the Park Lodge, and the caldron soon set, and a fire roaring under it to boil water for tea or coffee. Do you imagine the post of water-distributer to be an easy one?

The day came on dusty and hot. The wind had changed, showering us with ashes and stinging our eyes with smoke from the ever-increasing fire. The line formed for cold water. Each had his turn. A man would argue for a drink for his wife, and look down the long line of Americans, Japanese, negroes, Chinese, and all sorts and degrees of men, women, and children.

"Just one cupful. It only takes a moment, and she's almost famished." "Yes; but that moment belongs to some one else," replied my husband, with that fierce look from his old military days that I knew covered the softest heart in the world. And the man went to the foot of the line, and it was just an hour and a half before he came to the faucet for his pitcherful.

All day long the procession rolled past. Everything that could be used as a conveyance was pressed into service, young men acting as motor power to buggies and carriages. Trunks were hauled along the smooth park walks on their casters. Delivery wagons crammed with everything but what they advertised, wheelbarrows piled mountain high, people with packs on their backs, carrying parrots and banjos and a thousand and one treasures, and all so good-natured and ready for a smile! I never saw one person crying.

Two young men went by, carrying a roll of bedding suspended from a pole. One end had sagged, and a fine blanket was dragging on the earth. I said:

"Look! your bedding is getting dirty."

"What's the difference?" responded one of them, with a quizzical look.

"No difference at all!" cried I, and we all laughed heartily.

Men met, were introduced, exchanged business cards of places consumed by the flames, appreciated the joke, and went their way.

As night drew on, the fire was only a half-mile away, and coming toward us. My son and I went to our flat and took the most useful and valuable things we had, and tied them up in sheets and strapped them in baskets to take to the Park. We removed part of them; the rest were deposited on the landing of the stairs. The flames now lit the whole country round, and he who had directed our fire department for so many years with such bravery and skill was crushed to death under the fallen bastions of the California Hotel.

Dynamite was being used liberally, and the deep resounding booms of its explosion came at frequent intervals. It was our only resource to stay the fire.

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We had gathered some unfortunates about us who had lost everything, and I still had the house to draw upon as a base of supply. A wheelbarrow was our table, and about it gathered our family, a fat old lady who had owned a lodging-house, her daughter, a parlor-maid at the St. Francis Hotel, an old Hebrew tailor, penniless and forlorn, a medical fakir with long hair, and—I am afraid, one of the genus *Tramp!* However, he was hungry as the rest. This list I kept for four days, until my own resources were gone and the generous distribution of supplies was well inaugurated.

The third day of the fire I turned away from the weary throngs and climbed an eminence to see where the flames were spreading. They were racing up Nob Hill, the old habitation of California's first millionaires. There stood the palaces of Flood, Hopkins, Stanford, Huntington, and the Crockers. While we gazed roofs began to smoke, long tongues of flame shot up into the murky rolling clouds above, and all those colossal mansions were enveloped in a fire so mighty that they seemed but a sediment at its base. To-day Nob Hill stands almost as bare as when it was primitive, rolling sand. The walls of the Flood building, a chimney of the Crocker home, alone remain to tell of the old landmarks.

As we returned to camp we encountered one of the long lines waiting for their turns to draw rations. A young mother turned away with her well-filled basket, wheeling her baby before her.

"I want to go home, mamma, I want to go home," pleaded the little one, as she passed into the darkening aisles of the Park.

"We haven't any home, dear; lie down and let mamma cover you up," she replied, in the softest and most comforting of voices.

As showing how lightly we slept, and what apprehension from the fire stayed with us in our dreams, in the small hours of that night a horseman dashed through the Park shouting, "The fire is under control," and handclaps and hurrahs came from out the dark copses and lawns, and joy flowed like a wave over the great concourse hidden in the shrubbery.

It rained a little the fourth night, and, as the weather continued threatening and we had no tent, we returned to our desolated flat. In the night it poured. The fallen chimneys had torn through the ceilings into two of our rooms; the flat tin roof had thus been bent down, and now acted as a funnel. We heard an ominous drip, drip, and then a steady splash. We dared not light a candle—it was against military orders. So we groped along, hand in hand, through the fallen furniture, pictures, and bundles, and found the water beating a merry tattoo on my sewing-machine, velvet carpet, and some overturned books. We scrambled them out of the way and hurried to the kitchen. Streams were falling on my gas and coal stoves. We placed pans, but they filled faster than we could empty them. In the darkness we were getting drenched ourselves, so in despair we shut the door and went to bed. On account of our inability to cope with the flood that poured in on us, the three flats below us were very much damaged by water, as they were locked up and their owners away.

The next day we learned that my husband's law library was burned. Did we feel regret? No! we simply did not have time.

We were now drawing rations, and suffering for nothing but bread. I had a gift of twenty loaves from out of town. I went through the Park giving it away. I found a very genteel Spanish woman, a former music-teacher, who had only one blanket for cover, one sheet for a screen against the weather, one utensil for cooking, an iron pot, and very few clothes. Her long black hair had not been combed since the earthquake, but she had a smile, and insisted on dividing with me the meat she had just cooked. I took her to our flat, and fitted her out with the most primitive necessities.

Would you know what they were? First, comforters and a warm dress, then followed underwear, stockings, dishes, cooking utensils, knives, forks, scissors, needle and thread, a comb, baking-powder, fruit jars for milk, and piles of clean old clothes to use for towels, dish-cloths, and a thousand and one purposes for the camp.

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The bugle-calls in the morning, the pacing sentries and galloping officers, told of our military occupation. Two shots which I heard ended human lives. Both were cases of looting. Men who met that fate were frequently left to lie where they fell, and a sign of "Looter" put over them.

One pertinent feature of this awful experience of earthquake and fire is the entire change of opinion in regard to the automobile. Its most virulent critics now sound its praise. The railroad and street-car service was destroyed at one blow, and we suddenly appreciated that San Francisco was truly a city of magnificent distances. The autos alone remained to conquer space. They sped the wounded to the hospitals, carried the dead to the morgues, flashed past with doctors and nurses, city officials, and army officers. One chauffeur I knew ran his auto for forty-eight hours without rest, resuming after a brief nap to carry dynamite to blow down threatening walls.

Yesterday we rode in an old vegetable wagon, down through the devastated city, to the ferry building. Familiar places could be located only by the few towering steel structures, rising gaunt and bare over heaps of brick and stone, tangled wires, warped metal girders, and remnants of tottering walls. Verily the abomination of desolation, and four square miles of it—the great, pulsing commercial heart of the town in ashes!

Everywhere one sees rows of houses strangely out of plumb, and we saw one two-story dwelling standing at an angle of 60°. Steps and brick facings, for the lower stories, suffered particularly. A Catholic church on Golden Gate Avenue is nothing more than a picturesque ruin. The seamed and cracked walls and sunken streets held silent testimony of the earthquake's shock.

Across the street from us a chimney ran from the ground through a three-flat structure. The base of that chimney was snatched aside and the rest of it came rattling down into the basement, the flooring of the bottom flat giving way at the same time.

Golden Gate Park has suffered particularly in its public buildings. The art museum is a shattered wreck. The music stand, built of stone, with its high, pillared wings and long tiers of steps, has sunk in the middle, the gigantic cornices lying in heaps at its front and sutures running through all its massive stone-work. It was the gift of Claus Spreckels, and cost $60,000. At the children's play-house the roof has fallen into the restaurant, the stone walls are shattered, and piles of brick, glass, and stone litter the ground. Strangely enough, the large conservatory, with its glass dome and far-stretching wings, has hardly a broken pane, although the road not fifty feet back of it has gaping cracks in it eight or ten inches wide.

In conclusion, let me say that this stupendous disaster leads a thoughtful person to two conclusions; viz., faith in humanity, and the progress of the human race. All artificial restraints of our civilization fell away with the earthquake's shocks. Every man was his brother's keeper. Every one spoke to every one else with a smile. The all-prevailing cheerfulness and helpfulness were encouraging signs of our progress in practicing the golden rule, and humanity's struggle upward toward the example of our Saviour.

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BOYS' FUN IN THE OLD TOWN

BY JACOB A. RIIS

THE Old Town was set in a meadow, green grass to the right of it, green grass to the left of it, stretching away toward the horizon until in the south and east it came up against the black moor, and toward the sunset a little way met the sands of the western sea. What sport was there for boys in such a country? My own boys asked me that question with something of impatience on a walk through those fields, for they had been sizing up the lads of their own age on baseball and found them no good. They threw the ball "just like girls." Not many days after one of them came home with a bruised nose and an increased respect for Danish muscle. It was good for fighting, anyhow. But, in truth, we did not run to baseball when I was a boy, and as for fighting, we had no more than was good for us. When any Uitlander bragged, for instance. As I look back now, it seems to me we didn't have time for either, so busy were we with our sports.

There was the brook that led to the old manse, hidden quite behind a wind-tossed thicket of scrub-oak that had run over the sunken walls since the days when bishops were fighting men who went clad in iron to the wars. The brook was barely a step wide, and we boys could easily jump over it in places; but the wild birds built their nests in its banks in spring, and up where we had our early bonfires it widened into a dark still pool, hedged in with mint and forget-me-nots, where wary trout were always darting from the deep shadow. I go to seek that pool first thing when I return to the old town now, and it is not changed. But the boys of to-day seem to have forgotten it.

And then the creek that meandered through the meadows miles and miles from the great peat bog where our winter fuel came from, making one turn more tortuous than another, with hole after hole in the deep pockets that were fairly alive with yellow perch and their silver-scaled neighbors, whatever you would call them. We called them "skaller." I could go to a dozen of them blindfolded, I think, even now, fifty years after, and bait my hook and throw it in the exact spot where a perch is waiting to pull the cork under with one quick, determined jerk. No nibbling about him; his mind is always made up and ready. Sometimes in my dreams I sit on the edge of the creek in one particular spot I have never forgotten, with feet hanging over the edge, the slanting sunlight on the dark waters, red-finned perch and silver fish darting hither and thither, and the soft west wind in the grass; and then I am perfectly happy. Our ambition did not rise to five-pound pickerel in those days. Maybe there weren't any. My little boy and I found plenty two or three years ago, and little else. My pretty fish seemed to be gone. Perhaps the pickerel had eaten them up, like some mean trust on dry land. If he had, we got square with him. We ate him in turn. They had reduced the catching of him to an exact science. Drop your fish-bait there, right in the edge of the rushes, so—a swirl and a sudden tightening of the line! Let him run, and take out your watch. Eight minutes to a dot, and he is off again. That is when he turns the bait around in his mouth and swallows it, having lain by eight minutes waiting for signs of treachery. Now, pull him in. Here he is, hi! what a big fellow.

It was up here by this turn that I shot my first duck. It was in the winter vacation and I had found out that here, where there was a stretch of open water, a flock of black-headed ducks were at home. I burrowed through six feet of snow to the water's edge and shot one of them with my father's old blunderbuss, as they flew. It fell and dived, and I threw my clothes in the snow and jumped after. Ugh! it was cold. I dodged the floating ice as well as I could and kept turning the cakes over and over, looking for my duck, but it was

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not there. It was not till I had climbed ashore again and dressed myself with chattering teeth that, happening to look under the bank where the current had cut the earth away, I saw it sitting composedly on the little shelving beach below. I can feel now the throbbing of my heart as I leaned over, and, reaching down with infinite stealth, caught it by the neck and yanked it up. The pride of that homeward procession with the head of the duck flapping from my game-bag! and then, after all, the cook had to wring its neck. In my joy I had forgotten to kill it. The shot had merely wounded it.

But, if you did not run to fishing—as what healthy boy does not?—there was the heath, and then the forest. Forest sounds big. All there was of it was a patch of woodland some twenty or twenty-five acres in extent, but to us in the mellow autumn days it was an enchanted forest indeed. For under the gnarled oaks, only survivors of the sturdy giants that had once covered the land, as the names of half the villages bore witness, and had filled the seas with the bold viking's ships, was a wilderness of hazel-bushes that was the special preserve of the Latin School boys on Saturday afternoons, or when we had "month's leave." Month's leave was an afternoon off, which the school might choose itself once a month, if it had been good. Then a committee of the oldest boys went to the Rector with the observation that it was a fine day for play, while the rest of us stood with beating hearts, and if the gout did not pinch him just then, he would say, "Yes! be off," and with a mighty shout we would run for our botany boxes and crooked sticks, and for the woods, if it was in autumn. The boxes were to hold the nuts; the crooked sticks served a double purpose: they were for walking-staffs on the homeward way, for the forest was two miles away; once there, they were indispensable to hook down the limbs with. The hazel bushes grew in the twilight of the woods much as dogwood grows with us, and were mostly big enough to climb, but the nuts were on the farthest branches that could only be reached and stripped by pulling them down. That was fine fun, with enough tumbles to make it exciting, and a very substantial reward if judgment were used in picking. The supply so laid in often lasted past Christmas, and we had little else. Walnuts were too dear. The winter storms that drove in wreckage from the Gulf Stream strewed our coast, indeed, with Brazil nuts. Sometimes whole shiploads of them, one would think. But they were good only for making bonfires. The sea or something else had cracked them. There was not a kernel in one of them.

It does not seem to me that life could be worth much in the Latin School without those nutting expeditions. And so, when I went there with my own boys, and, after wading through the old bog where the stork stalked up and down fishing for frogs, we came to the cool shade of the forest and found it hedged in with cheeky American barbed wire and signs up warning intruders off, my spirit rose in instant rebellion. This was a double disgrace not to be borne. And once back again in the land of freedom I planned to defeat that wretched barb-wire fence. Not only must it go, but the forest itself must belong to the Latin School, or else the undisputed right to go nutting there forever; and while I had it in mind I thought I saw a way to drive in the edge of democracy by vesting the control of it in the boys, with the proviso that at least once a year they should invite the public school boys to be their guests there. In my day they fought at the drop of a hat; the recollection of the bitter feud between them stirs my blood even now when I think of it. But alas for the best-laid plans of mice and men! I was told, when I moved to the attack, that times had changed; that school was dismissed at two o'clock, not at five, nowadays, and that therefore month's leave as we knew it had gone out of existence; that Latin School and "plebs" were part of the same system these days; hence the strife of the old times had ceased; and that anyhow boys rode cycles and made century runs and such things now where we went nutting. Truly, the times do change. I am glad I was a boy then, if I am a back number now.

Maybe they ride right through the

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heath on their senseless runs, and don't stop to pick Raevlinger. If they do, I am done; I have nothing more to say. Raevlinger are the little black berries that grow on the creeping heather in the sterile moor, quite like our blueberries, only there are many more of them. Very likely you would think them sour; we thought them heavenly, and there is enough of the boy left in me to back up that opinion even now against the riper judgment of the years. We gathered them by the bucketful and came home with black faces and hands and terrible tales of the "worms"—*i. e.*, snakes—we had encountered in the heath. And, indeed, it swarms with these poisonous reptiles to this day. But, now as then, a fellow can keep out of their way. Some of the dearest recollections of my boyhood are of the long tours I made through this lonesome moor, where a rare shepherd knitting his woolen stocking and a gipsy's cart are often the only "humans" one meets in a day's journey. Met, I should have said perhaps, for in another generation even the moor will be a thing of the past. Already half of the six hundred thousand acres of heath land in the Danish peninsula has been planted with seedling pine, American pine, that has grown up finely, and a great and salutary change has been wrought, no doubt. But if there is to be a day without moor, without heather, without the sweet honey the bees gathered there when the broom was purple, and without Raevlinger, I—well, I am glad I was a boy when I was.

Which brings to my mind an adventure of one of my lonely trips in the heath. This one went far, extending over a whole vacation week. I had come at the end of a long summer day to an inn where they gave me a big box bed to sleep in; and I had barely got into it when a lot of scratching under me made me aware that a family of rats shared my couch. But I was too sleepy to care, and we snuggled up together and did one another no harm in the night. I remember it because of the terror it caused my mother when she heard of it. She had a great dread of rats. It was on that same trip that, coming to the shore, I supped at a fisherman's hut on smoked dogfish and thought it the finest I had ever tasted. I was a boy and hungry. But I do not know why it should not be good. The dogfish I am thinking of are the small sharks that infest the North Sea coast in great numbers. They ate the flesh and sold the skin for sand-paper in those days. It was scratchy and did very well for that purpose.

Touring to the shore was on the official programme of the grown-ups, and is yet; only those trips do not quite reach the shore. Out in the mouth of the river lie a number of islands where the grass grows exceedingly rich and sweet. When the last is cut and stacked, the Old Town goes a-picnicking. The people drive out with well-filled hampers in the wagons. There is no occasion that I know of in Denmark when these are left behind. They dance and make merry and tumble one another in the hay, a certain number of stacks having been given over to them for their enjoyment, and, when the sun sets over the ocean, they settle down to enjoy their supper in the grass. Those were times of rejoicing for us boys, who went along of course. But our real shore days were very different. Then we got up with the sun and walked the four miles to the beach, which at this point is very flat and wide. When the tide is out there is a stretch of quite half a mile of white sand to deep water. Over this the flood-tide comes stealing in so stealthily yet so swiftly that it takes a pretty good runner to get to the land without very wet feet or worse, if he is caught far out by the turn in the tide. We would sometimes bring home quite a store of amber from these trips, and then little files would be busy for days making hearts, sabots, and other trinkets for the girl each boy liked best. Hearts were the most popular and also the easiest to fashion. We made those things ourselves, and it was a sort of manual training not to be despised.

"Treading" flounders was a unique kind of fishing that took a whole day from earliest dawn, but always turned up a bigger yield of fish than we could carry home. We followed the outgoing tide, tramping with bare feet in the soft

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sand and steering by the church on the island out in the sea. When we had gone as far as we wanted, we tramped back by another route, and then put in the long wait till the tide had come in and was ebbing again building fires, catching crabs, or whatever we felt like. With the next ebb tide came our harvest. Following our own tracks of the morning, we would find in each of them a little pool left by the receding waters, and in each pool one or two and sometimes three flounders about the size of my hand. These we would unceremoniously heave into a sack we carried between us, and before long it grew heavy with our catch. It seems that the bottom of the North Sea is fairly covered with multitudes of these fish, which in my boyhood served the islanders of that coast as both meat and bread. They dried and toasted them and served them with their afternoon coffee, and you might look long for a better dish. I think of it often as being quite like zwieback slightly salted, only better to my youthful taste.

Out among the river islands—Holme we called them—was famous hunting for water-fowl. In the migrating season great flocks of duck alighted there, and geese, and every other kind of game that flies. I can hear yet the cry of the sickle-billed curlew in those meadows. It prophesied rain, we said, and dubbed the bird the "rain prophet." When I was a big boy, the first telegraph line was built to the Old Town, and that autumn an odd thing happened. Morning after morning dozens and scores of shore birds were found dead under the wires. We thought first that the electric current had slain them as they roosted on the wires; but as it was apparent that many of them couldn't roost that way, a better explanation was sought and found. They had been killed flying against the wires. It seems that they were strung just at the height at which they flew. It is clear to me that birds have some power of reasoning, for after a while we found no more dead. Evidently they had learned to fly higher, or lower perhaps.

Once or twice in autumn great flights of kramsfowl, a kind of blackbird highly esteemed by the cook, roosted in the "plantage," a thicket just outside of town, on their way south. Just when that would be no one could tell, but for weeks after the leaves began to turn some of us set our snares—a willow bough bent in a triangle, with horsehair loops in each of the uprights, and baited with rowanberries below. The bird would sit and swing in the triangle, and, bending to get at the berries under its feet, would put its head through one or both of the loops and be strangled. Morning after morning we would sneak out before breakfast to look to our snares and come home empty-handed. Then some brisk morning, when the first touch of frost was in the air, we would drag such loads of the big black birds into town that there would be talk of it for days. Every sick person we knew had a feast, and we felt that we were mighty hunters indeed.

So you see we had no lack of sport in the Old Town, and I haven't begun to tell you of them all. In the winter there was the river, that was then dammed back and became a great frozen lake five or six miles long. Then we would strap on our skates good and tight for a long trip and go cruising up to the church clear at the further end, and, spreading our overcoats out, let the wind, that generally blew from the one corner, use them as sails on the run back. I tell you we came down in a hurry. There were no fancy skaters among us; we didn't have time to learn. But a mighty sharp lookout had to be kept on that trip, for if a skate slid into a crack there was a wrench and a fall, and it was apt to be a bad one. When the snow lay deep, there was such coasting as you do not often find. For though the country was flat as a pancake, the castle hill was there with its deep moat. Almost clear up on the other side, the rush would fetch you. I haven't seen a better coasting hill in New England. But, on the other hand, I must own that American boys are "up" on steering to an extent we didn't dream of. The "leg out" is a Yankee invention, and it is great. We just slid.

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GUSTAV FRENSSEN

BY HARRIET BETTY BOAS

REALISM too often means the unpleasant to many readers. Some even declare that no realistic writer's works can be read without a feeling of discomfort and disgust. The trouble in regard to this conception of realism is that the subjects presented have been as a rule morbid. Yet the decadent artist or writer is supposed to interest readers because he embodies "the spirit of the age," and, as we are told that literature is at present in a transitional stage, we bear any unsavoriness either because we think that realism holds the mirror up to actual nature or for the sake of what is to come.

While some American novelists attempt to imitate European latter-day realists, the majority spare us the presentation of psychological problems dealing with human depravity. In Europe a change has at last taken place among the "Moderne," if we may judge from the great popularity of the works of the German novelist Gustav Frenssen, a realist to whom nature means not only misery and crime, but also beauty and poetry. Two years ago Frenssen was comparatively unknown and obscure. Since then, however, his name and that of his best-known novel, "Jörn Uhl," have become household words in Germany and wherever German is spoken. "Jörn Uhl" is absolutely unsensational and quiet in tone; it is a character study—the simple history of a farmer's family. It has had an extraordinary circulation. This would indicate that popular taste is better than its reputation. The Vienna "Zeit" says of the book:

> Its simple, quiet power takes possession of the reader. He who is used to laying down a book as he does a cigar finds himself powerless to resist Frenssen's influence. It is as though, under the sway of a foreign will-power, mighty arms were seizing and guiding one, leading now to a land of peace where pain and desire slumber, . . . now to the midst of the clash of battle and struggling powers of life that grasp and shake as in a fever. . . . You cannot remain indifferent to what is related of the persons in this book. That which remains forever the power unsolved, the mystery of real art, effaces the strangeness from the personality of these people. This power unseals their lips and bids them say to the solitary reader, "I am thy brother." This is their secret: that they find a living echo deep within the soul of every human being.

The men and women in "Jörn Uhl" are indeed human. They become our companions. We learn to feel toward them just as we did toward Little Dorrit and David Copperfield. For Frenssen's work resembles Dickens's. One can see the nearness of Peggotty and Thiess Thiessen. Of present-day English novelists, however, perhaps Mr. Barrie might claim the nearest relationship to Frenssen's thought and manner.

Gustav Frenssen is a pastor in the small town of Hemme, in Holstein. His father was a carpenter. The son is a blond and slight of build. Of his first book, "Die Sandgräfin" (The Countess of the Sands), he now admits that it does not express what was really in his soul, because he thought that too strange and motley, and not sufficiently entertaining. But in "Die drei Getreuen" (The Three Faithful Ones) he says, "I gave life to some of the pictures that I had until then kept to myself." Finally, in "Jörn Uhl" "I considered neither the reading public nor my style. There was no wavering nor questioning. Just what had to be told was told because it was within me. I *had* to give utterance to my thought."

Some idea of Frenssen's style may be gathered from this excerpt from the description of Jörn Uhl's childhood:

> The name of the small, bristly-headed boy was Jürgen, and the little girl was called Elsabe. That is how the pastor wrote it in the parish register. The parish register was in High German, but the people whom the children knew spoke Low German. They called the boy Jörn, and the girl in the cradle they called Elsbe, and by those names they are called to this day, Jörn and Elsbe Uhl.
>
> To Jörn's eyes the house is large and spa-

[1] *Die drei Getreuen.* Von Gustav Frenssen. G. Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, Berlin.
Jörn Uhl. Von Gustav Frenssen. G. Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, Berlin.

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cious. When he stands in the wide hall, or stumbles through the barn, he looks into darkness everywhere. Nor does he believe that there is a boundary anywhere. The garret is as large as the whole world.

What astonishes him is to see the big people coming first out of one door and then out of another and doing all manner of things all of the time with the most serious air, without screaming, or jumping about, or crying. How remarkable! They are all different from him, all excepting the white dog Spitz, who always walks next to him through the enormous space. Spitz is like him; they eat together and sleep right next to each other, and from time to time—that is, on a Saturday—Wieten puts them both together over their ears in water in the large washtub. . . .

Suddenly the East Wind seizes them. Down below they did not notice him, but here he holds full sway. The East Wind rushes through the little girl's hair, blows her skirt, jolts her and knocks her down. Jörn jumps up to help her, seizing her feet, but Spitz misunderstands everything. Spitz is so stupid. He thinks they want to run down again and he gallops down the hill. There! Jörn has become entangled in the yarn, and the three roll, tumble, and turn down the steep incline until they all lie close together in the sand hole, and up above stands the East Wind and with his fat cheeks leans over the brow of the hill and laughs.

"Well," says Jörn, after they have howled for a while, "that passed off nicely." . . .

They sit down in the cold wind upon the moor and for a while survey the quiet flat fens and the Uhl house at their feet.

"Say," begins the little one, "why haven't we any mother? Everybody has mothers except us. Say, Jörn, what does a mother do?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean with her children."

"She does so—and so—always backwards and forwards on her arms, and then says, 'My dear Witte, My dear Popp,' and something else. I saw it only yesterday when I brought Hinerk's boots from the shoemaker."

"A mother oughtn't to remain dead," said Elsbe.

"Neither does she. Only, when nobody is looking after her."

"Who didn't look after her?"

"Father didn't. Neither did the others. There were lots of people in the house, and they ate, and thought only of eating."

"Father too?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure, Jörn?"

"Yes, Fiete Krey told me."

Elsbe stamps her feet on the ground and is so excited that she can hardly ejaculate, "A—are you sure? Are you so terribly sure as that I am standing here?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't he look after her?"

Jörn runs down a little way on the moor, stands with averted face, and says quite loudly: "Because he was drunk."

They neither of them know what the word means. But they have often heard their brothers say, "The drunken lout!" or "You were drunk yesterday." They feel that it is something awful and for a while they talk no more.

A BOOK OF VERSE[1]

IF this is, as we suspect, Mr. Grant's first essay in verse-writing, it shows unusual feeling for the resources of difficult meters and unusual skill in handling them. The introductory ode which gives its title to the volume belongs to a class of verse the successful use of which is, for most writers, distinctly out of reach. Mr. Grant handles it with ease and a good deal of effectiveness. When Victor Hugo was asked, in regard to a certain intricate form of verse, if it were not very difficult to write, he made the characteristic reply: "It is either easy or it is impossible." Mr. Grant's ode is not without signs of the file; but, on the other hand, it is distinctly unmechanical. There is a certain vitality in it which indicates a natural gift, and which, if this is his first essay in verse, bridges with extraordinary skill the distance which usually intervenes between apprentice work and maturity. The collection of poems is not large, but it is stamped throughout with elevation of tone, dignity, and often charm of manner. These qualities are better in illustration than in description. The touch of spontaneity in Mr. Grant's verse is evident in these lines on—

COMPENSATION

When gallant robins sing
Through loosened sweets of Spring,
As you plod off to work,
Wish not to change or shirk
The day's routine, dear soul;
But view the whole.

When moon and stars shine bright,
Some night, some summer night,

[1] *Ad Matrem and Other Poems.* By Rev Percy Stickney Grant. Ingalls Kimball, New York.

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And, weary, you must sleep
And cannot vigil keep,
Sigh not, alas! dear soul;
But view the whole.

When music's choirs complain,
In melancholy strain,—
"All beauty must decay,
Let love, then, seize the day,"
Fear not such loss, dear soul;
But view the whole.

When pleasure bands you see
As you go thoughtfully,
Cast down by sin and woe,
Long not their joy to know.
Love thine own tears, dear soul;
And view the whole.

"What is the whole?" you ask,
"The face within the mask?"
That beauty's self you are,
When ruled by duty's star.
Not to enjoy, but be, dear soul,
That is the whole.

The grace and ease which are found in this volume side by side with vigor and careful workmanship happily inspire these lines:

SHADOWS

If all the year were June,
With tangled roses and the bumblebee
In honeysuckle murmuring happily,
In lilies deep asleep at noon;
While sweet birds fill the sky,
How could I die?

If all the year were night,
A tempest past, the pure moon shining clear,
When all the glowing stars in heaven seem near
The slumbering earth wrapped in still light;
When pain is hushed in sleep,
How could I weep?

One turns instinctively to the group of sonnets which make up one-third of the collection as affording the best material for judging of Mr. Grant's mastery of the medium with which he is working and of his gift for poetic expression; for the sonnet is a test which defeats many poetic ambitions and brings to naught many ambitious poetic intentions. How well Mr. Grant succeeds in infusing life into this difficult form and using it with individuality, and how genuine his poetic feeling is and how sensitive his appreciation, are revealed in a sonnet selected almost at random:

SOPHOCLES

O Sophocles, I would know Greek for thee
And pluck my honey from the comb the bees
From sweet Hymettus stored, where sunny seas
Murmur the measures that are joy to me.
I see the gods reign in thy tragedy:
They walk the earth and whisper in the breeze,
Thy world is full of God and suppliant knees
And righteousness controlling destiny.
But our sad times at higher beings flout;
We do not snatch from heaven to feed the soul,
We cannot find a God in anything.
So blind we do not see our torch is out,
Our torch of poesy. The rich-wrought bowl
We clasp and grope along, but cannot sing.

Comment on Current Books

On Common Ground The too familiar person who retires to the country to raise chickens and be hoodwinked by country sharpers reappears in this mild romance. Of course he meets a fascinating maiden and surrenders to her charms. This sort of writing is becoming too easy for the author, and too tedious for the long-suffering reader. (On Common Ground. By Sydney H. Preston. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.)

Down in Porto Rico This is an unpretending little volume, giving in plain, matter-of-fact way a description of the island, its inhabitants, and their characteristics and customs. It is written in a fair spirit, is neither critical nor eulogistic but simply descriptive, is free from all affectation of fine writing, but is not characterized by either brilliance of style, pictorial description, or philosophic generalizations. The word which would, perhaps, best describe it would be "encyclopædic." The writer is hopeful of the future of Porto Rico, and expects her eventually to "take her place among the other States of this Nation." (Down in Porto Rico. By George Milton Fowles. Eaton & Mains, New York. 75c., net.)

The Far Country The name of Florence Wilkinson is associated with some of the most suggestive and attractive verses that appear in our current periodicals. In this volume we note particularly the vigorous strength of "Sleeping Erinnys," the sympathetic tenderness of "As a Little

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Child," and the depth of "The Supreme Forgiveness." While it is quite useless to attempt to cull out a few of the poems for especial comment, perhaps the three mentioned indicate approximately the range of the poet. An occasional bit of self-consciousness, an evident effort, mar some verses otherwise most pleasing. (The Far Country. By Florence Wilkinson. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $1.50.)

The German Universities A work on this subject written for home consumption is likely to be more helpful to foreign readers than if written for them, as the points needing defense or improvement are more freely presented to the natural defenders or improvers. The existing literature on this subject is not as full or abundant as Professor Paulsen, of Berlin, has here made it for the benefit, primarily, of his countrymen, both teachers and students, with an aim to the better realization of university ideals. We, too, have our university problems, and books or monographs upon them by such leaders as Presidents Gilman, Harper, and others. We have looked to Germany for models and inspiration. Professor Paulsen's remark that, "like all other institutions, the German university has its weaknesses and dangers," is a word for us as well as for Germans. These he points out with wholesome plainness, occasionally enlivened by a touch of causticity or of humor. Here the evils of injudicious specialization and the "mania for originality" get warning, and various shortcomings are criticised. After all, the faults of human nature are everywhere the same, varying in manifestation as opportunity varies. The German lecture system, though more or less misused, and therefore attacked, Professor Paulsen defends at length. He glories in the freedom of teaching which the Faculties jealously stand for in opposition to all prescription, ecclesiastical or political, and regards it as better asserted there than here. But he does not approve, as we do, of "the scholar in politics." He holds that "theory unfits one for politics, politics unfits one for theory," but the true scholar must be "a theorist," so devoted to principles and ideals as to be "an *intransigeant*." But he evidently means no more than we mean by an "independent," or "mugwump." He finds German students somewhat captivated by "the panting wisdom" of the Social Democracy, and advises them to "fight shy of the world-improvers" who would regenerate society by legislation. Of religion and theology he cherishes a high ideal. Here the political conservative becomes progressive, demanding for university teaching entire freedom from the bonds of dogma, as the necessary condition of a living and advancing science. His defense of the student duel, or rather fencing-bout, is a good parallel to the American defense of football. He does not hesitate, while branding the homicidal duel with due severity, to admit that in exceptional cases it may be "a possible expedient," subject to "legal consequences." Enough has been said to indicate the spirit and scope of the work with reference to the modern university. Its historical development from early times is the subject of an introductory section. The idea of the founders of Yale in 1701, training for the service of the Church and the State, is also the root-idea of the German university. It is interesting to find Professor Paulsen regarding the American college, standing midway between the school and the university, as a desirable improvement of the German system, toward which he sees a movement already begun. Such a volume as this, so rich both in information and in suggestion, cannot be too strongly commended to the attention of American faculties and students. (The German Universities and University Study. By Frederick Paulsen. Authorized Translation by Frank Thilly and William W. Elwang. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3, net.)

The Life of a Star A number of entertaining reminiscences by Clara Morris make up a volume and supplement her autobiography. She appears to have a good memory for piquant conversations, in which she held her own, with Mr. Daly and several well-known actors in their day. While there is nothing of vital importance recorded, the incidents are vivaciously related, and the spirit of the writer shows pleasantly. (The Life of a Star. By Clara Morris. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $1.50. Postage, 10 cents.)

The Lady of the Decoration The author of these vivacious letters from Japan has struck the right note. She succeeds in giving a true view of foreign religious and educational work for the Japanese as it appears to an American woman, by training and temperament an alien. A pretty Kentucky widow accepts the position of kindergartner in a foreign mission station in Hiroshima, largely in order to forget her own disappointments and sorrows. Her merry, acute, slangy, and good-hearted letters to her cousin in Kentucky reveal her development and disclose most beautifully the growth of a soul "at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize." She pokes fun at the missionaries, coquettes with the few

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men she meets by chance, loves the little Japanese children, falls quickly into the habit of unconscious self-denial practiced by her associates, admires and yet criticises the Japanese, and gradually awakens to far greater possibilities of character than she ever dreamed of in her old home. When "Jack" comes for her, we resign her to him with a feeling of deep satisfaction and a hearty wish for her happiness. (The Lady of the Decoration. By Frances Little. The Century Company, New York. $1.)

Moral Overstrain

This is the title of the first of a series of eight essays which have no organic connection. We suspect that they have appeared before in some periodical literature; if not, they ought so to have appeared, for there is not one of them that would not have made a valuable contribution to any one of our monthly magazines. They deal with some of the more important ethical questions of our time; they are vigorous in thought, and written in a nervous and virile English. (Moral Overstrain. By George W. Alger. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1, net.)

Napoleon

The fifteen years of European history whose affairs and events furnish material for most of this volume were dominated by a mightier personality than Europe had seen for the thousand years since Charlemagne. Much more than the sphere of his immediate activity is here included. He smashed Prussia at Jena in 1806, but her catastrophe bore fruit in the self-regeneration which made her the nucleus of the united Germany that smashed the Second French Empire into the Third Republic in 1871. The story of Prussia's new birth is therefore here related. The enormous navy which Great Britain had to create to maintain herself against the Napoleonic Empire so contributed to her aggrandizement beyond the seas that the augmentation of her power in India, in Africa, in Australia, is conspicuous among the consequences of her struggle with the conqueror of Europe; and so a chapter is here devoted to the rise of the British Empire. The destructive blast which uproots the monarchs of the forest also scatters fruitful seeds abroad; so Napoleon diffused through Europe from revolutionary France ideas whose potency the nineteenth century attested. Particularly was this true of the *Code Napoléon*, to which a chapter is given. Notwithstanding its defects, it presented to Europe the essential conquests of the revolutionary spirit, . . . the main rules which should govern a civilized society." The modern *Weltpolitik*, aiming at the equilibrium of world-embracing political forces, likewise sprang from the European Concert, first formed to make an end of Napoleon's power. Its proceedings in the Congress of Vienna, 1814–15, are related with a fullness of detail perhaps justified by its significance as the beginning of that guarantee for international peace of which the Hague Tribunal may become in our time the consummation. The continental expansion of our National domain, enlarged by the transfer of our Western boundary from the Mississippi to the Pacific, was one of Napoleon's own plans. With truth may it be said that the influence of no one mind upon the modern world has been so great as his, and that the history of his time may be written as his biography. The Cambridge Modern History, our readers will remember, distributes its chapters among specialists, of whom sixteen—eleven British, two French, two German, and one Russian—collaborate in the present volume. Thus a series of twenty-four monographs, each a unity in itself, and all unified by the relation of each to the whole, unfolds a tremendous drama, opening with Napoleon's First Consulate and closing with the story of his captivity at St. Helena. Details multitudinous and minute contribute to broad and comprehensive views. The scene, though in the main European, shifts to every continent. The theater is the world. For Americans a peculiar interest attaches to the chapters on Napoleon's "Continental System," from which, as neutrals, we suffered grievously, and on "The Command of the Sea," by which the British navy dealt the eventually mortal blow to the war-lord of the Continent. There is much to say for the view that Trafalgar, partly because of its material effect upon the vanquished, partly because of its far-reaching moral effect upon the victors, "was the really decisive battle of the Napoleonic War." (Napoleon: The Cambridge Modern History, Vol. IX. Planned by the late Lord Acton, LL.D. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., G. W. Prothero, Litt.D., Stanley Leathes, M.A. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4, net.)

Out of Due Time

Mrs. Wilfrid Ward writes as a cultivated woman holding sacred the teachings of her Church, the Roman Catholic. The present novel is not of the sort likely to satisfy the ordinary appetite for fiction, but it is well thought out, and represents the mental and religious struggle of a strong mind. Two women sacrificed themselves to a man who, as his sister said, did not pray—he only thought. The inroads of scientific knowledge upon such a soul can be imagined, from

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the Catholic standpoint. The story is one of contest between theological fervor and emotionless intellect; the effect is somber, and the style somewhat ponderous. (Out of Due Time. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.50.)

A Source-Book of American History The reprinting of rare and important source-books of American history has been a prominent feature of publishing activity during the past few years; and as a result the student now finds ready access to many valuable works, perusal of which was formerly denied him. The latest addition to this class is particularly welcome. It is a reprint, from the English translation of 1714, of Joutel's celebrated "Journal of the Last Voyage Performed by Monsr. de la Sale." Some few years ago the Caxton Club of Chicago privately issued a limited reprint of this translation, but it is already quite scarce, and the new reprint should be the means of making many who were hitherto unacquainted with the work familiar with this simple but vivid first-hand account of the expedition of 1684 which culminated in the assassination of the great pathfinder of New France. The writer, we may remind our readers, was the confidant of La Salle on this fatal journey, and has left not only what is considered one of the most reliable narratives of any of the explorer's followers, but what may be accepted as the most faithful and searching interpretation of the character of his leader. The present reprint is edited by Dr. Henry Reed Stiles, who has contributed excellent biographical sketches of both La Salle and Joutel; and the work is further amplified by the inclusion of Appleton P. C. Griffin's bibliography of writings relating to the discovery of the Mississippi. (Joutel's Journal of La Salle's Last Voyage, 1684–7, New Edition. James McDonough, Albany, New York. $5, net.)

The Stigma In this story of the South, from a Southern standpoint, equal educational and political advantages for black and white are urged, and from the text furnished in "a crimson-backed novel by a Baptist preacher" the unequal standards obtaining in the South and all over the country are strongly arraigned. There is unquestioned truth in the representation, and it may be well to meet an appeal to public opinion in fiction by fiction. The story is extremely painful, and as a story is simple almost to baldness. The heroine, a Southern girl teaching in Arkansas, and the hero, the Southern principal of the school, are living people. (The Stigma. By Emily Selkirk. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

The Struggle for Self-Government Political sanitation is greatly needed in the United States, but, like other forms of sanitation, it is not best promoted by neurasthenics. Mr. Steffens has political neurasthenia. The bacilli of corruption have gotten on his nerves. This collection of papers on political conditions in six States is the product of a state of mind like that of a man who has recently been informed that there are so many millions of bacteria in every pint of milk, or who, having learned that there is much looseness of morals in all grades of society, doubts the virtue of every man and woman he meets. There is no doubt that Mr. Steffens has performed a real service in writing his articles in "McClure's Magazine," for he has impressed upon many readers the fact that political corruption is dangerous to the degree that it represents corruption in business and the indifference of citizens. Journalistically these papers had a distinct value, but gathered in book form they become monotonously pathological. There is no bright short story on the next page to relieve the gloom. Mr. Steffens, moreover, is not always capable of recognizing that there may be some force in an opinion which he wishes to controvert, and thus fails to strengthen his own argument. He sneers, for example, at the men who favored taking the franchise-granting power from the New York Board of Aldermen, and does not take the trouble to meet the argument that the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to which that power was transferred is really the more representative board of the two. We are convinced that the transfer was in the interest of democratic government, and we think we have just cause for complaint that this prophet of democracy makes not the least effort to set us right. The long dedication of the book to the Czar is a bit of affectation which makes one suspect that Mr. Steffens is posing even when he is most straightforward in his narrative. His satirical despair of American democracy may be an attempt at humor; if so, it is not successful—it is merely melodrama. Occasionally there is a good epigram to be encountered as one reads. This, for instance, is not bad: "Hanna was our man of brains, not of mind." In the present fight against government by privilege and for privilege there is need not only of strong deeds, but also of sound words. It is because we believe this so thoroughly that we wish Mr. Steffens's words were as sound and persuasive as they are courageous. (The Struggle for Self-Government. By Lincoln Steffens. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $1.20, net.)

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Studies of English Mystics

There is much in these six lectures on English mystics that is interesting; but the book lacks continuity and coherence. A writer who in his first lecture says that the shortest definition of mysticism is also the best—"Mysticism is the love of God"—and in his last lecture condemns the mysticism of Browning as faulty because "he shows an excessive and increasing distrust of the intellectual faculties," and maintains that "Love only is divine, and a guide whom we may trust implicitly," certainly lacks a clear understanding and interpretation of any central principle which makes all mystics one. That principle is their faith in the immediacy of the communion of the divine and the human spirit. In one of his lectures our author give a hint of this; but he does not make it a clue to the interpretation of the various experiences of mysticism. The theological student will find the book interesting; the lay reader must not accept all its interpretations too implicitly. (Studies of English Mystics: St. Margaret's Lectures, 1905. By William Ralph Inge, M.A., D.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2, net.)

Things Indian

This volume belongs to the useful series including "Things Chinese" and "Things Japanese." The author and compiler, an Indian civil servant, William Crooke, has made a careful study of his own section of India, and relies upon accepted authorities for the rest. We do not realize that India is a continent rather than a country. The northern man—the Panjábi—differs as much from the man of the south—the Madrási—in physique, character, language, and traditions as does the Scotchman from the Neapolitan. Generalizing about India is only undertaken by persons quite ignorant of the country, and, alas! there are far too many such. The table of contents is arranged alphabetically, and offers a wide range of subjects most admirably yet concisely treated. Minute discussions upon history, religion, literature, geography, geology, are not included here, but the byways are searched, and quaint and curious matters are brought to view. A valuable book for the traveler, student, or reader. (Things Indian. By William Crooke. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3, net.)

Tristán

This, the latest work of Valdés, is surely one of the world's great novels—as wholesome and as beautiful as it is great. When Valdés wrote his charming "La Alegría del Capitán Ribot" (The Joy of Captain Ribot), he told a friend that it was a protest from the depths of his heart against the eternal adultery of the French novel. "Tristán" is the complement of that work. In the character who gives the book its title Valdés presents an extraordinarily veracious study of a pessimistic temperament—a young poet of the finest feelings, but introspective, suspicious, and unbalanced with egoism; rightly inclined, but impelled to look upon the dark side of things. What a pathos in his confession to his fiancée: "I detest my fellows and long to love them; long to love them as I love myself when you gaze upon me, Clara, my beloved! Here within there is something good, something holy, but the shrine that holds it is guarded not by angels, but by devils." The true hero of the book is not Tristán. As "Capitán Ribot" was devoted to the depiction of a nobly faithful wife, so in "Tristán" we have in Don German Reynoso one of the noblest men in modern fiction, faithful to his love for a wife who is led astray more by an extraordinarily volatile temperament than by viciousness—something that occurs oftener in real life than in fiction. The delicate theme is handled with a commensurate delicacy and with the finest purity in art and purpose—without a word or suggestion to offend a right-minded reader. So in this work the author continues with even greater power his protest against French tendencies. Instead of the weak and ridiculous creature that the French novelist traditionally makes of the husband who is sinned against, Valdés shows us one of the loftiest of souls, serene and sunny-tempered, the antithesis of Tristán; a lover of his fellows, superior to the false conventions and foolish traditions of the social world, enduring a tragic ordeal with Christian equanimity and passing through it into the sunshine again. The story is intensely absorbing, dramatically true to the life, and without a false or overstrained note. The author's delicious humor abounds throughout, and there are idyllic passages of exquisite charm. The story lives in the memory like an actual experience. It is a book to increase one's love for his fellows, one's respect for human nature. If the English-reading world is not made acquainted with "Tristán" by a good translation, it will lose a pure and high enjoyment. (Tristán. By Amando Palacio Valdés. Librería General de Victoriano Suarez, Madrid.)

War Government, Federal and State

It is hard to accept as a serious historical work a book which contains such writing as this:

Thousands of dewdrops sparkle like diamonds in the morning sunshine. Only one gathers its iridescent rays from the opal, and sends a fire as of rubies dancing through the ambient air. The same light, the same air, for each aggregate of matter; but by joining the triumphant play of atoms in the encompassing air,

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that one single drop of water glistens with all the hues of heaven. The subtle powers of genius have never been rendered in common words; but beyond doubt it adapts its circumstances to new conditions which resemble creation in swaying anew the affairs of humanity.

The author's main purpose is to show how the exigencies of the war transformed the structure of the American Governments in State and Nation. He undertakes to describe at some length the War Governments of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, and the change in the States' relation to the Federal Government which the changes in these States typified. He has undertaken a most interesting task; but his spirit is so partisan and his style so turgid, discursive, and inaccurate that his book is of only very limited value. (War Government, Federal and State, in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, 1861–1865. By William B. Weeden. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $2.50, net.)

Letters to The Outlook

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE BLIND

Miss Helen Keller's article, "How to be Blind," suggests to my mind an occupation for blind persons of both sexes, which I think might be an important resource. That is, the position of operator of private telephone exchanges.

Every day adds to the number of these private exchanges installed, and I am informed that it is difficult to find suitable operators. The operator must receive and transmit messages promptly and accurately, must keep informed of the movements of different persons in the establishment, their going out and coming in, and take messages and directions for them. The work calls for a certain steadiness and sobriety which I should think must be rather characteristic of blind persons. It also calls for delicacy of perception and diplomacy in comprehending personal peculiarities and dealing with numbers of people in various relationships. I should think that the acuteness of perception which blind persons often possess would especially qualify them for this very important position, and that the consciousness of usefulness would make them happy in it.

Regarding Helen Keller herself, could she not fill a place of unique usefulness by undertaking a National employment agency for the blind? As she is herself a center of universal interest, pride, and affection, I am sure that her efforts to widen the range of employment for the blind, to create positions and to fill them, would meet with quick response and aid in all parts of the country. A central registry of blind persons in different places, with their qualifications, and the constant suggestion of their names to employers for positions such as that above mentioned, would, I believe, go very far to find employment for them. As soon as it became evident that for certain kinds of work they actually had advantages over seeing persons, they might even come to be in special demand, thus benefiting both themselves and their employers.

Such an agency would no doubt be widely advertised, without cost. Many of its employees might be blind persons, and a training-school in new occupations might be gradually established in connection with it. Any pecuniary aid needed at the outset would, I believe, be easily secured, but I have great confidence that Helen Keller would soon make the enterprise self-supporting.

HENRY FERRIS.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

[The first suggestion appears to be impracticable unless the ordinary visible signals of the telephone keyboard should be replaced by others specially designed for the blind.—THE EDITORS.]

THE SEAMEN'S FRIENDS

Doubtless numbers of your readers will be glad to hear of the proposed Institute of the American Seamen's Friend Society. In conformity with the policy of the Society for nearly eighty years, the spiritual needs of the sailor will not be neglected while caring for his body and improving his mind. Although the Institute is to be built in New York City, it is national and international in its character, as it is part of a well-laid-out plan to bring New York in touch with other institutes of the Society which reach round the world in an unbroken chain.

A most desirable plot of land, 65 by 135 feet, has been bought at the northeast corner of West and Jane Streets (opposite the Cunard Line dock), between the present location of the Transatlantic Line piers and the new Chelsea docks built by the city; and plans for the largest and best-equipped Seamen's Institute in America have been prepared. The building will be divided into the following departments: Hotel for about two hundred and twenty-five men, with a free shipping bureau where ship-owners can

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secure seamen without the payment of fees to shipmasters, and seamen will not be compelled to pay "blood money" for the privilege of earning a hard living; social, reading, writing, smoking, and game rooms; banking facilities, where sailors can deposit their wages; auditorium for lectures, concerts, and general entertainments; club-room for officers and engineers; headquarters for all the activities of the society; chapel, where religious work of an interdenominational character can be carried on among the three thousand seamen in the immediate vicinity.

The total cost of the Institute will be about $300,000; over $70,000 is already in hand, and the public is appealed to for subscriptions to this worthy project. Contributions should be sent to American Seamen's Friend Society, 76 Wall Street, New York.

GEORGE MCPHERSON HUNTER,
Secretary.

IMMIGRATION

I note your remark on page 914 that "arbitrary restriction of immigrants appears to be preferable to a continuation of present conditions." The conditions you have recited are that immigrants must be kept upon ships for a few days in New York harbor at the expense of the steamship company. The cutting off of the golden stream because, forsooth, they have to spend a few more days in calm water on the steamer, would seem to be like burning down a man's grain-field because he could not harvest it all in one day. Every adult male coming to this country adds $1,000 to our wealth, or at least $300 per annum to the earning capacity of our country. What folly for this country to cut off such a source of wealth! This is looking at it solely from our own point of view. I fear, however, that your remark quoted springs from your wish to limit immigration for other reasons than suggested above. I regret to believe that a paper of your standing should fail to believe that "the right of a normal man to move freely over the face of the earth is and should be an inalienable right." If I did not respect your paper so highly, I should not pay attention to its statements; but on most things you take such high ground that I should like to see you always do so. Perhaps a letter from one subscriber will not have much weight, but I write to let you know that objections to immigration are obnoxious to at least one of your subscribers, except on one or two only of the reasons under which our law prohibits them, and that further prohibition of immigration, as well as the present attitude of our country in most of its restrictions, shows, in my opinion, the same old spirit of selfishness and disregard of our brother's welfare which cursed our country and brought on the War of the Rebellion.

F. H. TUTHILL.

Chicago, Illinois.

[The law "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is as applicable to nations as to individuals; it includes the law of self-preservation. Last year, notwithstanding examinations by the steamship companies abroad, specifically directed to prevent the importation of undesirable immigrants, twelve thousand immigrants were landed on our shores who were so undesirable as to be refused admission, and were returned to Europe. Hundreds of these were refused because of contagious disease; nearly eight thousand were refused because their conditions were such as to give just ground for the belief that they would become paupers, and so added to our dependent population. It is not selfish or unchristian for this country to refuse to allow itself to be the recipient of all the insane, the paupers, and the diseased who can be induced by agents of the steamship companies to take passage from the Old World to become a burden upon the New World. How so to draw the line as to receive only such men and women as promise to become desirable citizens and exclude the undesirable is a difficult question; but the right to exclude the undesirable is not, in our judgment, questionable.—THE EDITORS.]

THE CARNEGIE FUND AND "SECTARIAN" SCHOOLS

Mr. Carnegie is rightly regarded as a cogent demonstration that an immense fortune does not necessarily close the mind of its possessor to a broad and sympathetic regard for the best interests of humanity, and no restriction which he sees fit to place upon any of his benefactions can be attributed to any essential narrowness in the mind of the giver. For this reason the writer is led to believe that the apparent intention to exclude a certain class of colleges from the benefit of his teachers' retiring fund is based upon a misapprehension as to their real character. In earlier days the leaders of most religious denominations in the United States felt moved to found colleges in which candidates for the ministry might receive education, both in general branches and in theology. The theology was, of course, taught from the denominational point of view. It was true from the very start, however, that a large proportion of the students were not students for the ministry. Youths of any denomination or no denomination at all were always freely welcomed, and the theological studies were never required of any but the theological students. In course

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of time most of these denominations, finding a mere theological department in a college insufficient to meet their needs, founded separate theological seminaries, and the natural result was that the theological departments in the colleges were dropped, leaving in their courses only the ordinary branches of study, into which "sectarian" teaching, from the very nature of the case, cannot enter. There is no Baptist bacteriology, Presbyterian physics, Episcopalian electrical engineering, Congregational Latin grammar, Methodist mechanical drawing, or United Brethren chemistry, in the so-called denominational colleges. They teach the same subjects as are taught in the strictly undenominational colleges, sometimes better and sometimes not so well, and they teach them in the same general way. That the fundamental principles of morality and religion, which lie deeper than all denominational peculiarities, receive more attention in such colleges than in others would be claimed by most of the colleges in question themselves, denied by many officers and adherents of non-denominational colleges, and admitted by others; but we have yet to learn that Mr. Carnegie has any objection whatever to the non-sectarian inculcation of such principles, or would consider it for a moment as a fit basis of exclusion from the benefits of his gift.

The point where the difficulty arises is the fact that many of these colleges, while entirely unsectarian in their *teaching*, are operating under charters which require that the board of trustees shall be composed either entirely or in controlling proportion of members of the denomination by which the college was founded. Of course the origin of these colleges readily explains this feature of their charters. Some would be willing to alter their charters for the sake of participation in the benefits of the fund, but in most cases the effect of any radical alteration of this nature would be either immediately or gradually to break the hold of the college upon the most reliable portion of its constituency, and in as many or more cases it would raise serious legal or moral questions as to the use of invested funds from former donors. And yet, to all intents and purposes, these colleges are giving an education as free from any attempt at sectarian bias as that of any undenominational school in the land. Many of them have already had the sanction of Mr. Carnegie's generosity in the matter of libraries and other equipment in the past. Their interest in this particular fund lies not merely in the question whether or not they will get some of its income for their veteran teachers. To be excluded from it means also that they will suffer a new and real handicap in their efforts to secure the best teaching talent in the future, for, other things being equal, the best teachers will naturally prefer to teach in colleges that can better assure freedom from financial embarrassment after a self-sacrificing life of inevitably unremunerative labor. Now, if such colleges really were using their funds and their teaching staff to secure for the sects under whose auspices they were founded any further advantages than flow to them as a legitimate result of good honest work, there would be no valid argument against exclusion from the benefactions of one to whom sectarianism as such does not appeal. It is because many of them are wholly free from any sectarianism of that kind that we do not believe that Mr. Carnegie's final advice to the trustees of the fund, or the final judgment of the trustees themselves, will counsel exclusion on technical grounds, and thus do a positive as well as a negative injury to institutions that are working directly and powerfully to the same general ends as he himself has in view in this and in all other of his numerous and intelligently directed benefactions.

W. H. JOHNSON.

New York City.

A PEOPLE'S PALACE

Twenty-three years ago next July there landed in New York from England a short, wiry man, who was greeted with enthusiasm by a little band of Salvationists as he crossed the gang-plank. His fame had preceded him as a prominent Baptist clergyman who had left his Church to join the Salvation Army, believing that in it he would find a greater field of usefulness. He was a sociologist and believer that the then new organization which he had joined was to be a powerful one for benefiting and raising the masses. This man was Colonel (then Major) William Evans, the originator of the idea of the People's Palace for Workingmen, which is now approaching completion in Boston. He was destined to be the pioneer leader of the work in the West, which he established with great judgment and ability, and when Ballington Booth was sent to America as Commander of the Salvation Army forces in 1888 he was appointed Colonel and made the Commander's Chief-of-Staff. Many are familiar with the ability with which he conducted his office, established the financial standing of the Army, and helped so largely in gaining for it the respect of the entire country.

All through his long service in the Salvation Army Colonel Evans has had in mind an institution which might serve as a combined club and hotel for workingmen, and

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give them a place of meeting brighter and more attractive than the saloon. When he went to Boston five years ago as leader of the New England forces, he saw there an opportunity to carry into execution his long-cherished plans. With this in view, he visited London at the time of the International Conference of Salvation Army Workers, and carefully studied the great Workingmen's Temple in that city. He took for the People's Palace the best elements of the Workingmen's Temple and the Mills Hotel in New York, and added many new features.

The People's Palace is a five-story and basement building, 80 by 120 feet, built of gray pressed brick with terra-cotta trimmings. It is built in the armory style, in keeping with the military idea of the Salvation Army, with turrets and loopholes like an old castle; but here the military design ceases. In the basement there are a gymnasium (the equipment of which is left to Professor Dudley A. Sargent, of Harvard), swimming-tank and shower-baths, smoking-room, game-room, and restaurant. On the street floor are the hall for the largest Salvation Army corps in the city, free employment bureau and labor exchange, stores, and adjoining are the executive offices of the Army. The second floor contains the library and reading-rooom, and fine Sunday-school rooms connected by folding door, so that all may be opened into one good-sized auditorium. The upper three floors will be the hotel proper, consisting of 287 single rooms, each with individual ventilation where the air is changed every fifteen minutes, and furnished with hospital corners, so that every morning they may be thoroughly and perfectly cleansed.

No stone has been left unturned to make the People's Palace a success in every sense. Everything that has gone or is to go into it is of the best material, and in the beginning a competition of the best architects in the city was held, with Professor Chandler, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Mr. Jacques, of the firm of Andrews, Jacques & Rantoul, architects, as judges. The winners of the competition were Brainerd & Leeds, who won the competition for the Baptist Social Union Building in Boston, which has recently been completed.

The People's Palace will be finished before July 1, at a total cost for land and buildings of $208,000. Considered from a sociological standpoint, the hotel part of the building certainly ought to be of great benefit to the working classes who are compelled to resort to these so-called workingmen's hotels, for every other institution of the kind in the city (the Salvation Army has three of these hotels, the largest and poorest of which the People's Palace is to supplant) is located in an old-fashioned and poorly ventilated and lighted building. The People's Palace is at the corner of three streets, Washington, East Brookline, and Mystic Streets, having also unobstructed light and air on the fourth side, while at the same time it overlooks a fine large public park. Considered from a religious standpoint, the People's Palace ought also to be a great success, for it is located in the heart of the great South End mission district of the city, midway between the Dudley Street terminal and Boylston Street, where it is surrounded in every direction with saloons, and its great object is to furnish to the workingmen a counter-attraction to the saloons.

Many of Boston's representative citizens are enthusiastic supporters of the People's Palace—none more so than Dr. Edward Everett Hale, of its Advisory Board. When General Booth was last here, a reception was held in his honor, at which Dr. Hale told how he first became interested in the Salvation Army. He said: "When the Army first came to Boston, I regarded its methods as fantastic and provocative possibly of harm rather than good. Some six or seven years ago, however, I got to look upon them in a far different light. A young man of good family became addicted to the liquor habit. Every effort of his friends and the young man himself to save him proved futile. He sank lower and lower until finally Salvationists found him dead drunk in the gutter. They took him to their hall and ministered to him lovingly yet unobtrusively. For months they cared for and guarded him. From the day those Salvationists found him he has not used liquor, and now, after a lapse of six years, he holds a high position in the business world. This led me to investigate the Salvation Army, and I found that this was typical of what they are constantly doing."

Among other prominent and well-known supporters of the People's Palace besides Dr. Hale are Senators Henry Cabot Lodge and W. Murray Crane; Governor Curtis Guild; Lieutenant-Governor Eben S. Draper; ex-Governor John L. Bates; Eben D. Jordan, of the Jordan & Marsh Company; John Shepard, of Shepard Norwell Company; Arthur Johnson, President of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association; Caleb Chase, of Chase & Sanborn Company; Galen L. Stone, of Hayden & Stone; the Hon. Eugene N. Foss, and Major-General William A. Bancroft, President of the Boston Elevated Railway Company.

HENRY W. JARVIS.

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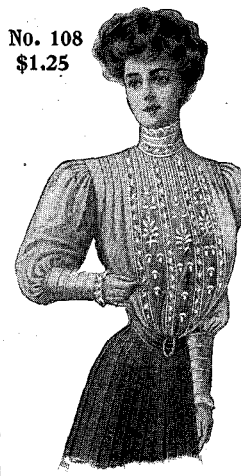

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Be sure to mention size desired.

Postage or Expressage on one waist is 15 cents; on two waists to one address, 20 cents; on three or four waists to one address, 25 cents. If five or more waists are ordered at one time, to be sent to one address, you need not send any money for postage or expressage, as we will pay these charges. In ordering less than five waists, however, be sure to enclose with your order an amount sufficient to pay for the waists desired and the necessary postage. Do not send stamps. Remit by post-office money order, express money order, bank draft, or registered letter. **If you are not satisfied, you may return the waists and we will refund your money.**

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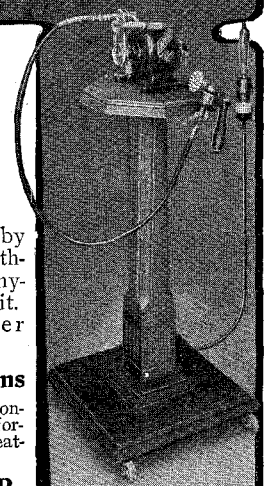

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The prettiest lake in Maine, six miles long. Excellent boating, canoeing, and fishing. Steam and gasoline launches. Famous Maranacook Spring Water. Camps for housekeeping $25 to $75 season. Free ice and janitor service. Maranacook Hall opens June 15. Rates $7 to $10 week. Interesting walks, drives, and electric car trips. BERT. B. NUTTER, Manager, Maranacook, Maine.

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June 15, surf bathing, pure air, good food, ocean views.

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Its acres of elevated grounds, hundreds of old trees, northerly shore, one of the largest swimming-pools in the U. S.; golf, roque, boating, etc. Rev. Thos. J. Villers, D.D. writes;

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Sincerely yours, THOS. J. VILLERS.

Weekly terms $12. Couples $20 up. Private bathrooms $5. 9-room cottage, $225 season. References, letters, booklet. O. F. BELCHER, Winthrop, Mass.

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is a large, airy house, pleasantly situated near beach and depot; trains run to and from Boston every 15 minutes, fare 5c. Good bathing and boating. Parties who stop here once come again. Rates, single (American), $10 to $16; double, $18 to $30 per week. Send for booklet. R. N. CHAPMAN, Manager.

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Directly on the beach. Capacity 200. June to October. A. C. and S. H. LETCHWORTH.

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Meacham Lake, New York.—Most beautiful lake in the woods, and in the heart of the St. Regis system. Fine beach, the best of fishing and hunting, good boats and trusty guides, good roads through unbroken forests. Golf links and tennis. Postal telegraph and daily mail. We offer comfort, rest, and quiet. May 1st to October 15th.
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HOUSE quiet, comfortable, homelike. Altitude 1,760 ft. 900 ft. above and overlooking Keene Valley. Write for booklet. Terms $12 to $20 per week. Special low rates for June and for families coming for the summer.
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Altitude 1500 ft. Views, air, water, roads, fare, and company fine. Booklet. References. Rates $7 to $10.
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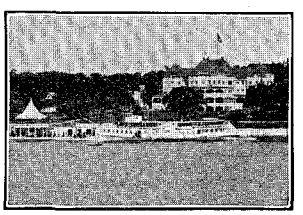

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